

WEEK
ENDING
SEPT. 20, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

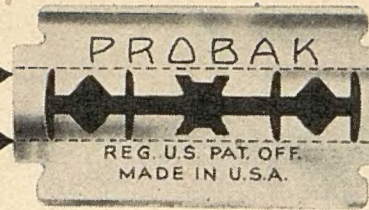
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Beginning **CORSAIR** *by* **Walton Green**

THE SHOCK ABSORBER



ZONE

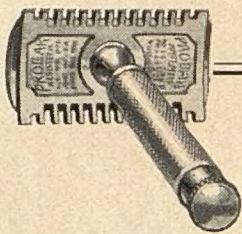


Henry J. Gaisman, inventor of Kodak's autographic device, AutoStrop and Probak Safety Razors and the shock-absorbing Probak double-edge blade.

He

banished bending shock from the double-edge blade

Probak blades are for Probak razor and other razors of this type.



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Now you can have a Probak razor. It's lighter, counter-balanced. You scarcely feel it in your hand or on your face. Positive seven-point blade registration makes both edges shave alike. An extended safety cap protects your fingers. Modern chromium finish. The Probak razor is designed solely for the Probak blade. Discover how quick and comfortable a shave can be.

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159 Story of Plato's Philosophy. Durant
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176 Four Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis
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645 Confidential Chats with Wives
648 Facts About Sexual Rejuvenation
653 What Every Boy Should Know
654 What Young Men Should Know
655 What Young Women Should Know
656 What Married Men Should Know
657 What Married Women Should Know
658 Toasts for all Occasions
661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse
679 Chemistry for Beginners

- 681 Spelling Self Taught
682 Grammar Self Taught
683 Punctuation Self Taught
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688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene
689 Woman's Sexual Life. Fielding
690 Man's Sexual Life. Fielding
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696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
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703 Physiology Self Taught
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

FROM FREEZING TO BOILING

The new style in thermometers seems to be to have a Centigrade reading at the right of the mercury column and the old, familiar Fahrenheit figures at the left. Here's where we give these thermometers a picture and a free ad.

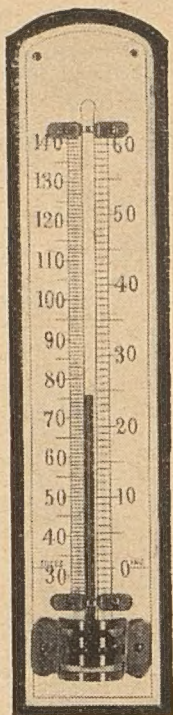
It would be a good thing for every household to have at least two of them—one indoors, and one outside, where it can be read through a window—and let everybody fool with the weather to his heart's content.

Any kind of thermometer is good to have, but this kind is particularly good, because it gives the temperature in terms of the metric system.

The Fahrenheit figures, of course, are ridiculous. A German named Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit devised this scale early in the eighteenth century, and most of us have been using it without question ever since. It places our most familiar fixed temperature, that at which water freezes, at 32 degrees—which means nothing at all. Water boils at sea level when the Fahrenheit thermometer says 212 degrees, and that, too, is meaningless.

The Centigrade freezing point for water is zero, and the boiling point 100 degrees. The word Centigrade itself *means* a hundred degrees. It is all logical, reasonable, and easily remembered.

The whole English system of weights and



measures is stupid, just as the German thermometer which has become a part of the English system is stupid. As we have before remarked, inches, feet, yards, miles, ounces, pounds, tons, pints, quarts, gallons, acres, and the rest are based on nothing reasonable and are hard to handle. Adding or subtracting, multiplying or dividing them, is a foolishly complicated business.

The metric system, on the other hand, is based on one unit each for length, weight, and capacity. The length-unit is the meter, and you divide it into decimeters, centimeters, and millimeters simply by moving a decimal point. For weight you start with a gram and divide it into decigrams, centigrams, and milligrams. For capacity, the liter splits up into deciliters, centiliters, and milliliters.

Multiplying is just as simple. Ten meters, grams, or liters make, respectively, a dekameter, a dekagram, or a dekaliter.

The difference between the Centigrade and Fahrenheit scales on the thermometer pictured herewith is the difference between the metric and English systems of measuring—and that, to a considerable extent, reflects the difference between the French and English minds. One is logical and direct, the other prone to be governed by rule of thumb. We don't say the French mind is better, but we do side with the French in liking the metric system.

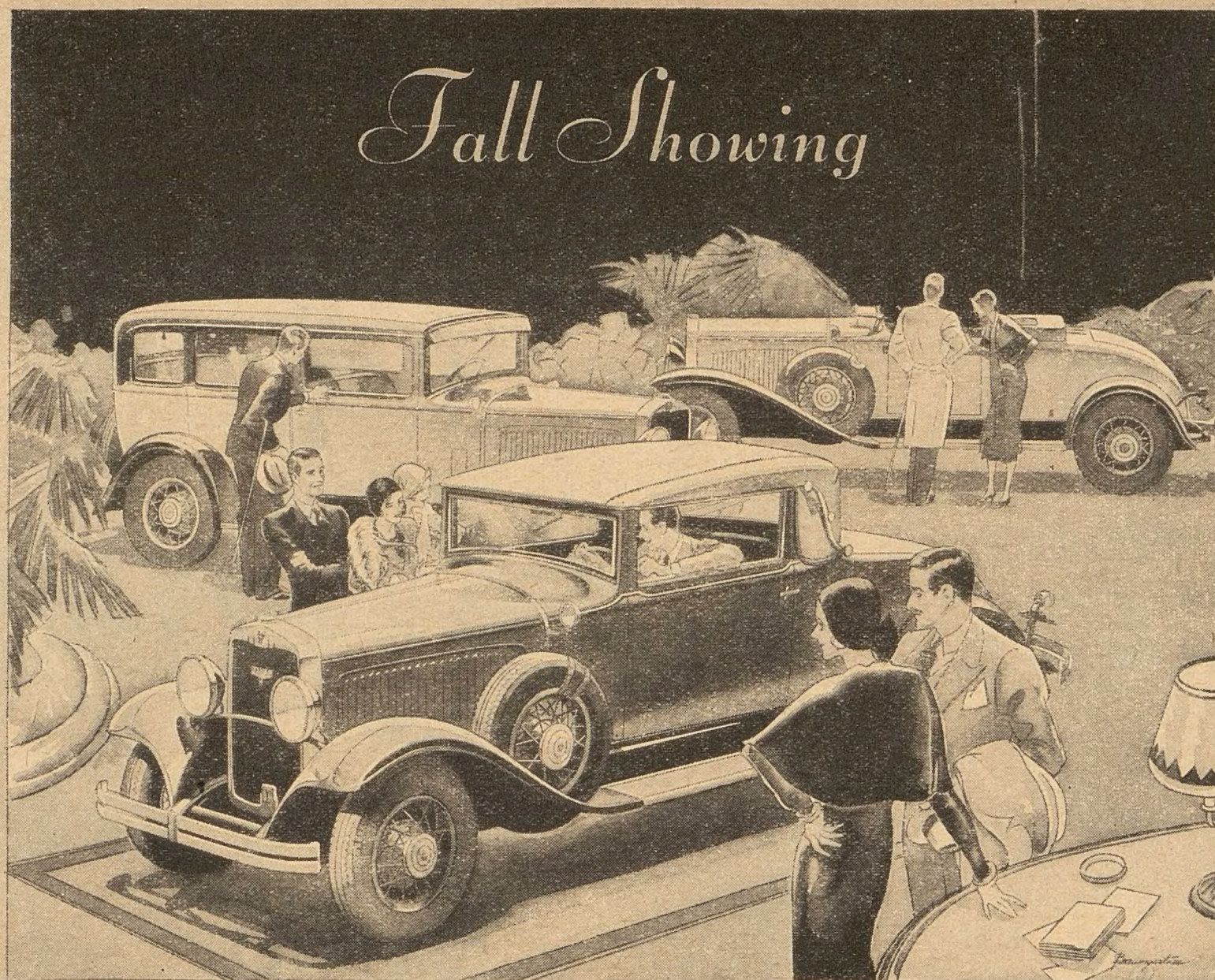
This thermometer we are talking about shows how a gradual transition to the metric system could be made, not only in the recording of temperature, but in everything else. Building specifications, for example, could be drawn up in two ways, with the metric and English measurements side by side. It would effect a great reform in various labor-saving ways, and speed things up generally.

Incidentally, while you are buying your thermometers, you might as well buy a barometer too. You talk a lot about the weather and you might as well know something about it.

And, while we are on the subject of instruments, we should like to add that you can have a lot of fun with a pair of strong field glasses or a small telescope with which to look at the stars, get used to them, and learn their names. You can't borrow any money on these things at the bank, but they are interesting to know.

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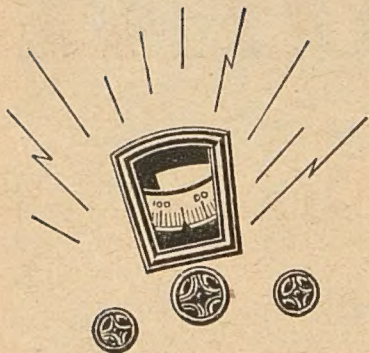
DODGE BROTHERS

Fine Cars in all Showrooms During September

Brilliant new colorings . . . graceful touches of luxury . . . body styles with smartness and distinction. Advanced design and construction give new thrills in performance, and enhance the dependability, stamina and economy for which Dodge cars have always been famous. A value-showing quite as much as a style-showing . . . for in price as in quality, the Dodge Six and Eight are Dodge Brothers proudest achievements.



Here's the first Radio



Amazing Results in "TOUGH-SPOT" test at Scarsdale, N. Y.

Scarsdale was chosen as the first "tough-spot" for testing the new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio because of its reputation for unusually difficult radio reception. Distance is almost impossible. It is especially hard to break through the blanket of near-by New York City stations.

How well the new Columbia Tele-Focal set succeeded is told by Mr. George T. Hastings, a resident of Scarsdale, who generously lent his home for this experiment. It is important to know that this test was made, not in the early morning hours, but *in the program-crowded hours of the evening!*

... Mr. George T. Hastings of Scarsdale writes: "... on the new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio, despite very unfavorable July weather and static, I logged *fifty stations*. Only the fifteen-minute interval between announcements prevented me from identifying many others. No difficulty in picking up distant stations with perfect clarity, good volume, and excellent tone quality ... *entire absence of interference* from powerful local stations. Mrs. Hastings brought in twenty-one different stations *in a period of one minute!*"



THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH illustrates the new COLUMBIA TELE-FOCAL RADIO being given the "tough-spot" test in the home of Mr. George T. Hastings at Scarsdale, New York. The beauty and dignity of this early English low-boy model is strikingly evident. This model, C20, is priced at only \$145.00, without tubes.

"Magic



Notes"

The new COLUMBIA

with NO DEAD SPOTS ON THE DIAL .. and No Overlapping

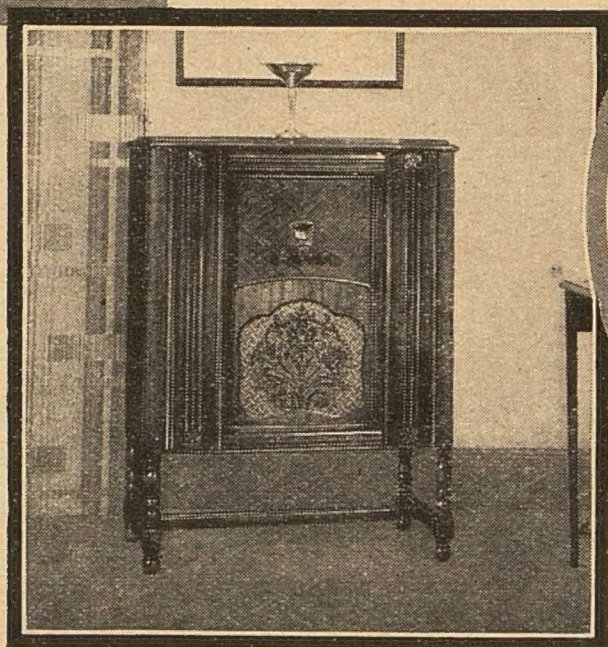
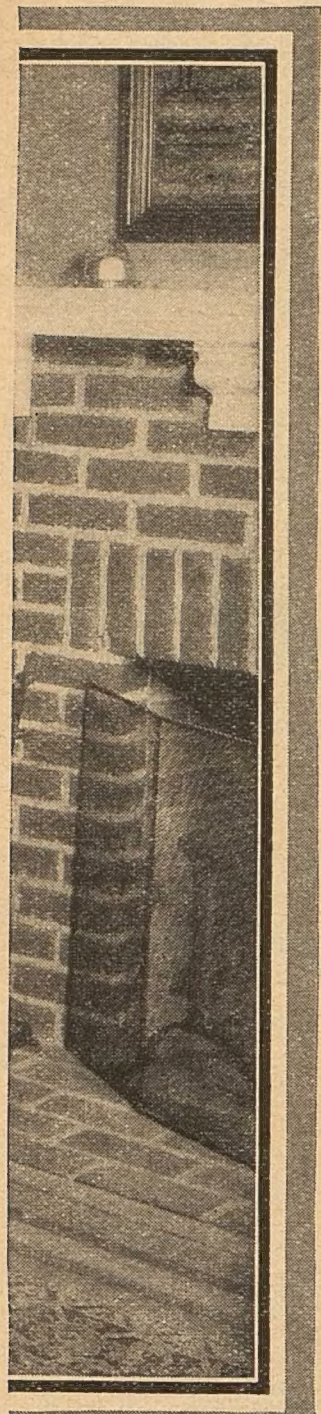
TWIST the tuning knob of the average radio. See how many silent or useless spaces there are on the dial. Not because there are no programs there. There are *plenty*. But most radios can't reach out and get you these programs. Can't pull them in through powerful local stations, interference or static.

This new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio pulls in stations on almost every notch of its dial! New stations you've never heard before. The distant, low-powered or "crowded" programs you've been missing. Giving you more variety, finer radio reception than you ever thought possible. Every station sharp and clear. Programs reproduced with greater fidelity, with finer tone quality, than you have ever before heard.

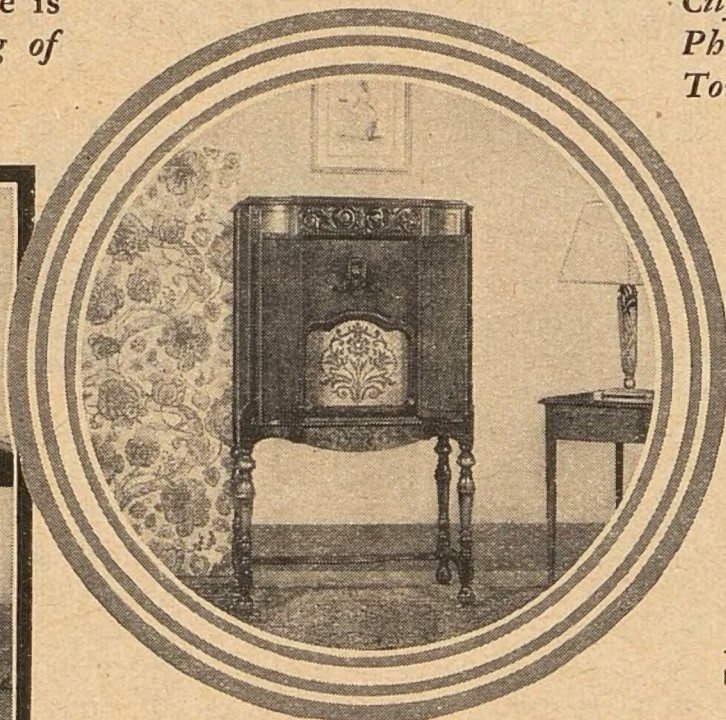
And though you get *more* programs than any other radio set can bring you, there is *never any overlapping of stations*.

The new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio is the very newest radio engineering advance. It has Automatic Volume Control accomplished with only *one* tube instead of the usual *two*. So this radio doesn't require tube-teams. To replace a tube, just another good tube is needed. You don't have to search for two tubes that match.

Hear a dial-full of Tele-Focal Radio performance to-day. Your Columbia dealer will gladly let you make a test log with this great machine. After its performance has amazed you, thrilled you as you have never been thrilled by any other set, then admire the beautiful cabinet models that this set comes in. Visit your nearest Columbia dealer to-day — or if you would like further details of the new Columbia Tele-Focal Radio, write the Columbia Phonograph Co., 1819 Broadway, New York City. In Canada: Columbia Phonograph Co., Ltd., Toronto.



MODEL C20—COLUMBIA TELE-FOCAL RADIO — Low-boy cabinet adapted from early English. Carved quarter-foil ornaments. Beautiful walnut finish. Price, less tubes, \$145.00.

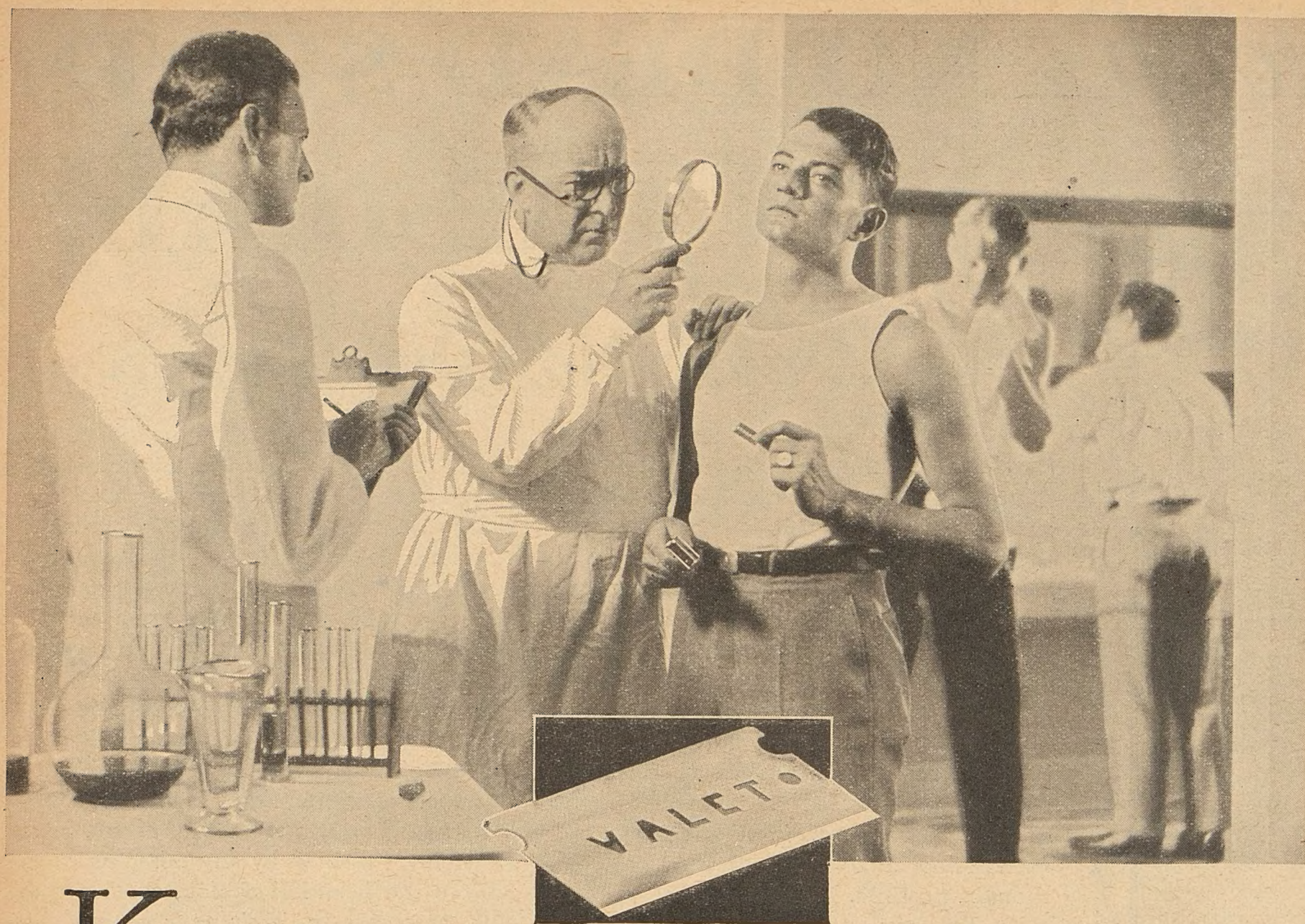


MODEL C21—COLUMBIA TELE-FOCAL RADIO — High-boy cabinet, influenced by early Carolan Period. Exquisitely carved frieze over doors. Price, less tubes, \$185.00.



TELE-FOCAL RADIO

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



Kinder to sensitive skins , , ,

Scientific tests prove it!

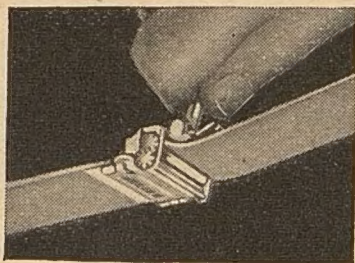
WE were satisfied that the Valet AutoStrop Razor and new Valet blade were kinder to sensitive skins—could not irritate the face under normal conditions.

But we wanted to know Valet's effects in even severe cases of skin trouble. So we asked an eminent scientist, Dean of Dermatology at a great University,* to make this all-inclusive test.

Five persons with extraordinarily sensitive skins and seven patients with *sycosis barbae* (commonly known as barber's itch), consented to shave for a period of weeks under identical conditions with various safety razors.

Two results were noted. In the first instance, an entire lack of irritation where Valet was used. In the second, a perfectly safe use of Valet at light or medium adjustment without spread of infection.

*Name on request.



Covering the test of various types of razors, the Dean reports:

"The Valet blade's fine edge and steel ranked it far superior in these tests. The superiority of Valet AutoStrop Razor principles and construction was conclusively demonstrated."

Money could not buy the approval of the reputable physicians, dermatologists

and medical colleges that endorse the Valet blade. They prefer and prescribe the Valet because it relieves and prevents skin troubles caused by harsh shaving.

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"Take her, Johnny—I'm done," he gasped. "Miss Corning—introducing Hawks—given name Jonathan. Please let me go now."



A New Novel of High Adventure—The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

PART ONE

(Reading time: 27 minutes.)

THE president of Hammers College—not the youngest college president in the country, but, on the other hand, not far from it—sat in the grand stand and watched his team fighting desperately in the twilight of the October afternoon. Beside him sat the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. It was near the end of the last quarter. The scorecard showed Hammers 9—Visitors 12.



By WALTON GREEN

whose stories of Little Solly and Little Brown Nurse were among the best things Liberty has printed. This tale reflects some of the varied backgrounds he has acquired as lawyer, newspaper editor, major in the A. E. F., and chief prohibition enforcement officer under General Andrews.

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK

The president stirred uneasily in his seat and pushed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with restless fingers.

"Why, in heaven's name, don't they send Hawks in again?" he demanded fretfully. "He wasn't in the third quarter, was he? And look at that, Busby! Look

at that formation! Third down, six to go, and that second-string quarter of ours is going to drop-kick—

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from the twenty-eight-yard line! He's crazy. What good'll a goal from the field do us? We don't want a tie—I ask you, Busby—we want a brainstorm play—a trick forward—only chance of pulling it out of the fire. Ah—I told you!”

The drop kick, low over the line and half blocked by a charging forward, bounced dejectedly out of bounds. The president lighted his pipe with elaborate care and settled himself glumly into the collar of his great-coat.

“There goes your old football game, and we needed it, too—eh, Busby?”

Dean Busby, an older man, and chairman of the athletic committee, smiled constrainedly. He had forgotten more football than the young president was ever likely to learn.

“Still four minutes to play, Ackerson,” he observed. “Never can tell. Ah, there's Hawks, warming up. The crowd's seen him—just listen to that grand stand!”

Behind them the cheering section—rising in a wave of human bodies—was roaring a crescendo of savage and last-minute hope. The cheer leaders, hopeless of organization, threw their megaphones to the ground and yelled in wild unison. From the coaches' bench two men craned their necks around and frowned. The cheer leaders remembered themselves, and began to run up and down the cinder track, waving their arms and imploring silence.

The youth who was warming up in front of the field bench suddenly changed direction at a nod from the head coach and darted out on the field—pulling on a headgear as he ran. He slapped a fat, white-knickerbockered umpire on the back. The umpire blew his whistle, the opposing lines straightened up wearily, and Hammers' number two back walked wearily and gratefully to the side lines.

THE young president's pipe was out again. He was staring concentratedly at the field.

“Afraid it's too late, Busby. It's their ball—Ah—that's better. Two downs and they only got a yard. See Melcher get through that time? Pretty—what? Now they've got to kick. God help us, it's almost too dark to see the ball. Ah, if we could only get through and block it! No, he got it away clean—but no chance of Hawks getting it—kicked to the other side line they did—outside and short—but safe—a pretty kick at that. All they got to do is play safe. Well, Hammers' ball again in midfield—three minutes to go. Ah—Hawks is back to throw a—ah!—oh!—no—it's grounded!”

Another down, and Hammers kicked, praying for a fumble in the gathering dark. But it did not come. Instead, the opposing quarter caught the ball in full stride, his interference formed prettily, and he was away for a beautiful run of forty yards—past midfield—deep into Hammers' territory before he was downed, a scant thirty yards from the goal line. Visitors' ball—two minutes to play—and the game on ice. The president knocked the dottle from his pipe and prepared to leave.

And then the visitors' quarter back—perhaps his run had gone to his head—proceeded to pull one of those classic boners which cause men's names to be written large on the red-ink side of the ledgers of sport. For, instead of fiddling away the few moments of time with a couple of conservative line plunges, he tried for another and needless score. He took the ball himself, ran wide and slightly back to passing position—stumbled and fell—rose on one knee, and threw his belated pass from that desperate stance. It was a weak and aimless lob.

John Hawks, charging in at full speed like a third baseman for a bunt, caught the ball ankle-high with his finger tips, lost his balance, recovered, side-stepped, slipped, recovered, dodged the converging ends, and was off—not wide and sweeping, but straight through and over the disorganized line of scrimmage. His footwork, his ability to change direction and reverse his field, was amazing. No one between him and the goal line, sixty-five yards away. Three tacklers in full cry behind him, slowly closing up the five-yard lead he had gained.

Now, commonly, and other things being equal, a man carrying a football runs one yard in ten slower than his pursuers. But John Hawks was perhaps the fastest back in the middle west, certainly the fastest man on the field that day. He was tackled from behind on the two-yard line. But momentum and desperation did the rest, and the ball was across the last chalk mark for a touchdown and victory.

THE president and the dean stood up. The crowd surged on to the field, and slowly the undergraduate body separated from the amorphous mass of spectator humanity and resolved itself into the shrieking pandemonium of the snake dance. Only in the west do they really snake dance. For the west takes its athletics with a fine and wild fervor unknown to the more self-conscious and calculating enthusiasms of the older universities.

The president and the dean edged slowly through the gates. Around the locker building the undergraduates were massed again, cheering the team and each player by name. But the name that sounded in every spontaneous cry was “Hawks”—“Hawks”—“Hawks.”

Two newspaper men shouldered their way past.

“Johnny-on-the-spot Hawks again,” said one. “No holding that guy in a broken field.”

“Yeah—All-America again this year, I guess. He don't win games—he steals 'em,” agreed the other.

The president nudged his companion.

“Get that, Busby? And do you know why he steals games? Because he thinks quicker with his feet—doesn't telegraph his change of direction—that's why.”

“Yes,” said the dean slowly, “I expect he's the finest broken-field runner since Daly of Harvard. Remember Daly? No, you wouldn't—long before your time. Well, this boy has Daly's same uncanny trick of running with one foot in front of the other. He doesn't stop and dodge; he runs and weaves—changes his course with the weight of his body instead of sticking one foot out to turn himself. A great player—yes.”

“Thinks quicker with his feet,” repeated the president, who liked his own phrase.

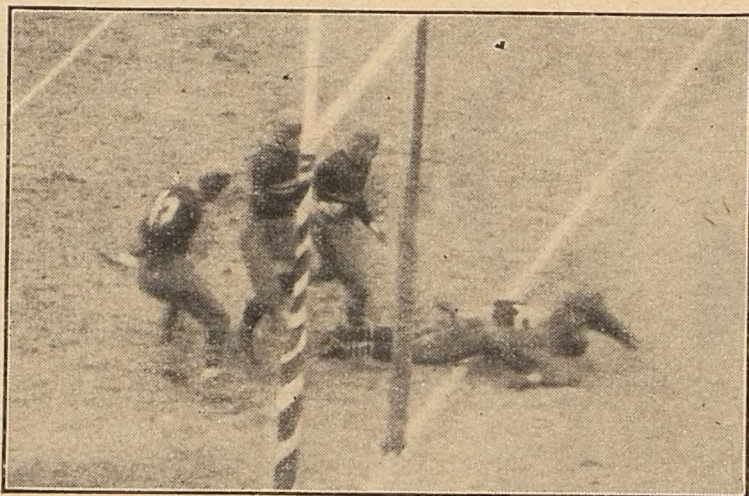
“I could wish he thought quicker with his head,” offered the dean doubtfully. “Curious combination, that boy. Leader in everything except studies. President of the Y. M. C. A., student council, working his way through—a really splendid influence in the college; natural all-round athlete and leader. Quick as chain lightning in action, but dumb

in his classroom work. Not exactly dumb, perhaps, but very slow. Yes, sir, a curious combination. It's going to be nip and tuck to keep him off probation for the team's eastern trip.”

President Ackerson looked sideways at the dean.

“Sorry to hear that, Busby. I—er—of course there mustn't be the slightest—er—leniency. On the other hand, we must be careful not to lean over backwards—if you understand me.”

“I do,” said the dean quietly. He was an older man and had been there a long time. The president was a young man and had been there but three years. But in those three years he had put old Hammers on the map. He was an able young man, was the president—a career man in education, to borrow a word from the diplomatists.



A career man who knew his trustees and who was profoundly sold on the idea that a university is known by the athletes it keeps.

"Yes," continued the president thoughtfully, "with Hawks in we've an excellent chance to beat Yale. They can't afford to point for us, and we can for them. An excellent chance—and you know as well as I do, Busby, what a tremendous thing that would be for Hammers."

"Of course," agreed Dean Busby uncomfortably.

"Well, here's my corner.

Good night, Ackerson."

"Good night, Busby."

Each man went his way. And each man was frowning thoughtfully.

At the training table that night, John Hawks did not eat with the rest of the football squad. He had his meals afterward, because he earned his meals by waiting on table. This waiting on table was something of a sinecure, since it consisted principally in bossing the kitchen and the handful of professional waiters who actually served the food. Hawks was an amateur *maître d'hôtel*.

But he did it, as he did everything demanding leadership, with a cool efficiency and self-confident charm—his thin blond head slightly cocked on one side, his fine broad lips parted in a ready and democratic smile. He bossed the job as he bossed his student laundry service, his clothes-pressing monopoly, his furnace-tending service—just as he bossed the half-dozen or so highly remunerative and non-onerous activities that paid his pleasant way through college—with a fine and winning and democratic humility which said plainly that one man was as good as another, and Johnny Hawks only a shade better.

Distinctly he was a shade better—and had been, these three years past. It takes character to earn your keep through college, especially if the fat scholarships don't fall your way. He'd earned his keep twice over, had Hawks, and the surplus went regularly to his mother on the Iowa farm.

IT is the smaller—or shall we say the newer?—colleges of the country that are the fine hotbeds of athletic excess.

Before their perfervid competitiveness the traditional rivalries of the ancient institutions of the east are as a languid cricket match at Lord's to a championship fight at the Polo Grounds. Harvard and Yale may want to beat each other, but it is a contained and nonfinal want, a want softened into respectable perspective by a century of beatings and winnings, and the knowledge that other centuries of beatings and winnings are to come.

Not so with Hammers and its foes. They are young. They are fierce. They must grow, and win, and do or die today—like the states that bred them. Their graduates who become great and rich must forever keep their shoulders to the wheel of athletic supremacy.

And they do. Their graduates may be short on endowments and libraries and collegiate-Gothic quadrangles, but they are long on high-priced coaches and stadiums and scientific proselyting of schoolboy athletes. Their trustees may not find the money for new chairs of philology, but no coach goes poor and no school teams unscouted. Their alma mater is an institution designed to get winners, and to turn out more winners.

John Hawks was a winner, had been a winner from his high-school days, from the first day he was scouted by a second-team coach from Hammers. In college all paths had been smoothed for him. It is to be doubted if he

realized this. Certainly he knew that he was an exceptional athlete and that leadership came readily to him. So what more natural than that popularity and jobs, opportunity and elevation, should come equally easily to him? He was straight-minded, unanalytical, and simple-thinking, and as honest as they come. Also he was curiously and genuinely modest.

He had need of that quality. For college heroes these days, especially football heroes, are exposed to a virulence

of adulation and publicity that would almost turn the stomach of a movie star. Hawks, so far, had not appreciably had his head turned. All-American half back since his freshman year; rated—by the west at least—as the greatest light back of all time; his picture from the Sunday supplements in the cubicles of every girls' boarding school in the land—he continued, nevertheless, to go his busy and wholesome way, dodging reporters and mash notes, keeping himself fit, and working diligently, if not too brilliantly, at his studies.



"The big, heavy, gray-haired feller just coming up to my governor—that's Stephen Corning."

AND now, in his senior year, class president, president of the Y., of the student council, captain of the football team, member of the swimming team, the baseball team, middleweight boxing champion, expert rifle and pistol shot, his influence

dominant in every phase of undergraduate activity except debating, Phi Beta Kappa, and the college papers.

The only fly in the high ointment of success was his relation to the dean's office. Twice in the past three years he had been on the verge of probation, both times during the hectic weeks of the football season. That he attempted too many things, he was well aware. And in his uncompromising way, once he had reasoned it out, he had dropped some of the less ornamental and more time-consuming activities. But this autumn things had been worse—the accumulation of jobs taken on last year. Only that evening a post-card summons had come from the dean. He guessed its import: that he had failed in the monthly chemistry test; fool that he had been to elect Chem. II, with its gibberish of symbols and formulæ. Well, he must report to the dean in the morning, and see if he couldn't stave things off for another month. With the season over he'd buckle down in earnest.

John Hawks left the training-table quarters and walked slowly back to his room. He lived by himself in a frame house outside the campus. It was a comfortable big room, and cheap. He climbed the creaky stairs, feeling a twinge of charley horse from the game that afternoon; he hoped it wouldn't stiffen up. There was a crowd in his room waiting for him, as he had feared. Well—they'd have to get out. He opened the door to a burst of congratulations. None of the wisely tempered reticences of coaches and fellow players here, but the full-blown exuberances of undergraduates.

"Good old Johnny—fooled 'em again!" "Johnny-on-the-spot Hawks." "At a boy, John—we cleaned up on you, old scout." "Stage another at New Haven two weeks from now—" And on the couch in the corner three men with three glasses began the ancient but borrowed chant:

"Here's to Johnny Hawks—
Fill him up a full glass,
Fill him up a full glass
To his n-a-m-e and f-a-m-e!"

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His footwork, his ability to change direction, was amazing. No one between him and the goal line, sixty-five yards away.

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Johnny grinned—his wide and disarming grin. Like it? Of course he liked it. He was twenty-one, and strong and glowing, and the football of life was at his feet for the grabbing. Johnny grinned, and his eye singled out Chub Hopping.

"Clear 'em all out, Chub—we've got to work."

The crowd clattered out by twos and threes. Under the window the barber-shop trio stopped long enough to chant again:

"Here's to Johnny Hawksy—
Fill him up a full glass—"

John sighed and ran his hand through his slightly too-long flaxen hair.

"Got a call from the office, Chub," he said slowly.

Chub Hopping sighed. He was a short, fat youth, with a small unsmiling face and a small round head packed rather full of excellent brains. His father, who owned mills and millions in Ipswich, Massachusetts, had sent his son to Hammers instead of to Harvard for the same set of reasons that prompts parents to send their boys to dude ranches.

Chub was drifting through college with ease and tired

indifference.

Nothing came hard to him, for he essayed nothing beyond the catalogue requirements of the curriculum. His outstanding characteristic was a gentle and cynical weariness. He had been a cynical and weary baby

and he was a cynical and weary young man. He knew everything and did nothing. He had no vices, no desires, no objectives—other than to let the world drift by over his old young head. Why he had attached himself to John Hawks, heaven only knows: some obscure and unenthusiastic impulse to make the days and nights pass on less footlessly. But attached himself he had—as philosopher, tutor, and general all-round wet nurse.

Chub sighed and picked up the printed notes which came to him each week from the professional crammer.



You did the experiment itself beautifully in the lab with me yesterday. Why can't you visualize it, Johnny?"

Johnny smiled ingratiatingly.

"Sure, Chub—I do. Go on, old chap."

"All right. Now give me the symbols of that reaction."

"Why—er— H_2 —no—lemme think a minute. Er—"

Again Hopping's head went wearily back.

"It's PCl_3 plus $3HOH$ equals $3HCl$ plus P parenthesis OH_3 parenthesis," he droned.

"Sure," said Johnny. "I remember now."

And so they went on until ten o'clock, when Johnny went to bed, and Chub Hopping went moodily back to his fraternity house.

On the following day, at ten thirty in the morning, John Hawks sat in the rusty old leather-bottomed chair that flanked Dean Busby's desk.

"The trouble with you, Mr. Hawks, is that you're trying to handle too many things. Each year you've added more."

"I know that, sir. I'll simply have to drop some of them—but they keep asking me to do things."

"College," continued the dean, "is supposed to be a preparation for life. It can't be that if you diversify too much—if you scatter your energies. That's only getting into bad habits. If you want to succeed in this world, even if you're only raising sheep, you've got to learn to concentrate."

"Yes," said Johnny Hawks.

"Well, it's up to you, Hawks. You've got to make a C grade in the next chemistry test, or it's probation—and no Yale game. Nothing I can do, nothing in the world anyone can do, but just John Hawks. Remember that, and remember that your college is relying on

you, and—and that we're all pulling for you—faculty, team—everybody."

A queer, set look had come into Hawks' face. His eyes were focused past the dean, outside of the room, it seemed, and the unsmiling corners of the fine mouth were drawn thinly down. Dean Busby watched him keenly.

"Tell me, Hawks—I've seen you play through a whole quarter like a second-team sub and then suddenly wake up and rip the field wide open. What is it?"

Hawks' face smoothed out and his head cocked itself on one side with the winning grin.

"I don't know, sir, exactly. When I'm up against it, sometimes I see red and things start. Sort of second wind, I guess."

The dean nodded slowly.

"Well, my boy, you're up against it now, and the team's up against it. Better begin to see red."

"I am, sir," said John quietly.

II

THE great Yale Bowl, ugly and magnificent, and stupendously squatting in the dump-lot outskirts of New Haven, upheaved its ponderous massif from the drab landscape like some vast doughnut of the gods. Inside the bowl forty thousand people sat in a strange hush. It was raining, gently and coldly and persistently. The playing field—sunk below ground level and difficult of drainage at best—was a slithering rectangle of mud and water.

The forty thousand, uncomfortably hunched beneath umbrellas and newspapers improvised into storm capes, watched tensely. For the most part it was a crowd of the general public, lacking the fine partisanship and frank exclusiveness of a Harvard-Yale or a Yale-Princeton game. But it was a crowd football-wise and critical—a sporting crowd of many classes that had come to see the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Busby's a good old scout," he said mournfully. "He won't put you on probe if you can make any sort of showing and save his face. I s'pose it's chem that's the trouble?"

"I suppose so," agreed John.

"Well, let's go over some of the stuff."

He frowned and ruffled the typed pages.

"Let's see—last time we finished with hydrolysis. What is hydrolysis, by the way, Johnny?"

"Why—er—I can't just define it—er— Just read it again, will you, Chub?"

Chub leaned his head back and intoned in a discouraged monotone:

"Hydrolysis is a double decomposition involving water. If you treat phosphorus trichloride with water, you get hydrochloric acid and phosphorous acid.' That's hydrolysis, my son, and it plays a damn' important part in chemistry— But I don't suppose that matters to you."

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golden youth from the west in his first invasion of the east. Not a soul in that huge amphitheater but knew the name of Hawks; but outside of the cheering sections, and the press gallery, there were many who would have been put to it to give the name of his college. They had come to see the Yale-Hawks game.

The game was nearly over. The score stood at 6 to 6—a moral victory for Hammers. The teams drove back and forth over the midfield line, fighting sullenly and conservatively, kicking on the first pretext, each playing for a break—a fumble of the sodden, slimy ball.

Hawks had been in the first quarter. In the second they had saved him. Early in the third quarter he had gone in again, and had kicked a field goal to tie the score. But not once during the afternoon had he got away for one of his celebrated runs. Yale had covered him, smothered him with a cold fury of precision in the following of defensive assignments that spoke eloquently for their scouting system. His interference was broken up, he was thrown for ignominious losses behind his leaking line, his forward passes were hurried, and his receivers surrounded. The crowd—the noncollege crowd—watched with growing and almost jeering cynicism. And the trainload of Hammers rooters sat in heavy wonder.

Johnny himself had never been up against this particular type of scientific defense. He knew it was a mediocre Yale team. He knew he had but to get clear. But the day and the ball and the mud were against him. He was playing hard and carefully, nervously fearful of blunders. But his dash—his *élan*—was missing today, and he knew it as well as the grand stands. And somehow he couldn't make himself care.

The timekeeper rushed in to announce three minutes to play. Johnny fell back to kick, wiping his dripping hands on his drenched moleskins. The ball shot back from center, skidded through his slimy fingers, and bounded over his shoulder toward his own goal line not thirty yards away—his first and only fumble of the day.

He was after it in a flash, the ball bounding crazily out of his reach toward the side lines. Behind him the panting, slouching hulk of a Yale forward—a scant two paces behind him. The ball was rolling now on its short axis; it was stopping in that puddle of water; with a long dive he could fall on it and save the game.

BUT John Hawks did not fall on the ball and save the game. Maddened by his fumble, seeing red at last, he scooped the ball miraculously in his bending run, stopped short and ducked. The Yale forward lunged emptily over him. Hawks ducked, recovered, pushed one desperate foot toward the dangerous side line, and was off in the opposite direction—twisting, dodging, hurdling in a frenzy of individualism, his field beautifully reversed and victim to his astonishing recovery. Now he was back at the thirty-yard line, now tearing past the recumbent figures in the old line of scrimmage, now past midfield, and only the Yale quarter back between him and the goal, the Yale quarter weaving toward him slowly and tensely, gauging his direction and speed.

Johnny ran straight to meet his man, feinted to pass on the left. The quarter back started his tackling charge. Johnny threw his weight to the right, and the left hand of the tackler slapped his knee as he passed. With his head over his shoulder, Hawks slowed to a trot and touched the ball down behind the goal posts.

Up in the press gallery the New York Star man thrust his sheet of notes disgustedly into his overcoat pocket.

"Covered him all afternoon, Yale did, and then hands him the game on a platter."

"Yeah," agreed the telegraphist beside him, "that guy's dynamite with a loose ball. Never seen anything like his footwork. Stole the game, he did—plain stole it."



That night there was a dance at the Field Club in New Haven. The Hammers undergraduates and the football squad had started west again immediately after the game. But the head coach, with the keen approval of President Ackerson and the reluctant consent of Dean Busby, had given several first-string players who were on the point of staleness a few days' lay-off, with orders to report back at college in four days.

John Hawks, eager for even a superficial glimpse of the east, and by no means displeased to spend the weekend in the home town of the great Elis whom he had whipped single-handed that afternoon, had stayed over with Chub Hopping. Chub, thanks to his scholastic standing, could cut lectures almost at will. They were putting up in the rooms of a medical student cousin of Hopping, and it was he who had persuaded them to go along with him to the dance.

The dance was a mixed affair of all ages, as country-club dances are these days. Twenty years earlier there



"As you like," she said indifferently. "If you change your mind, call me up in the morning."

would have been neither undergraduates nor graybeards on the floor. But now the adolescents and the old professors with too-long trousers—why is it that Yale professors always have dress trousers too long?—were hoofing it earnestly side by side.

And Johnny Hawks, his thin fair head cocked smilingly on one side, was tasting the heady draft of enemy admira-

tion. For they made much of him, did this Yale crowd, because the Elis are sportsmen, especially in defeat. The girls with whom he danced showed frankly their excitement and pride. But they had none of the fraternity-pin-grabbing excessivism of the high-school type to which he had been accustomed. It was a refreshing experience to a young man who had so long been exposed to the unrestrained adulations and the bitter rivalries of the youthful west.

When Johnny was not dancing he stood and chatted with Chub Hopping and some of the older men. Hopping did not dance. He was too wise and weary for that. Here in his own eastern *milieu* he seemed, astonishingly, even more wearily sophisticated than in college. He knew everything and everyone, and commented on the interesting or prominent people in the room.

"THAT'S Flauber, the drama man they swiped away from Harvard with the bait of a big theater when Harvard wouldn't come across. And that's—"

"Who's the little fat man with the long nose, talking to Flauber?" asked Johnny carelessly.

"That's my father," said Chub gloomily.

Johnny flushed.

"I'm sorry, Chub. But why don't you go and talk to him?"

"S'pose I'll have to—later. But he hasn't spotted me yet." He sighed. "Couple of times a year is enough with that chap. And look, Johnny—the big, heavy, gray-haired feller with the hairy black eyebrows—no, not there—just coming up to my governor—you ought to know who that is."

"Search me," said Johnny mildly.

"That's Stephen Corning, financial tycoon, as the papers call him. Stephen Corning of New York, Hammers' richest and most famous graduate, international

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banker, Y. M. C. A. benefactor, the man behind the guns of Hammers. He got us President Ackerson, he gave the stadium, he got us—" He bit off the rest of the sentence in time, and glanced carelessly at Johnny. Johnny was looking absently at the great Mr. Corning.

"Why, I know him," he said slowly. "I've written to him—he used to write to me—before I came to Hammers."

"He would," said Chub laconically. "He and my father are thick as thieves—and for the same reason."

Johnny thought this over, and finally smiled. He was generally a couple of conversational jumps behind the little man at his side.

"And that's his daughter, the little black-faced thing just behind him; chip of the old block and then some, they say. I ran into her last summer at Southampton. Twenty-minute egg, if you ask me. Not eighteen yet, and has forgotten more than you'll ever know, my son."

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Johnny simply.

Chub looked at him quickly again.

"I'm going over and give her a buzz. Wonder what she's doing up here. Not her sort of a crowd at all."

Johnny watched his friend as he made his way to Miss Corning. The girl turned slowly as the little man came up, and shook hands unsmilingly. Another of these effete easterners, thought Johnny, too bored to make an effort.

A few moments later—to his astonishment—he saw the nondancing Chub with the dark girl in his arms, making heavy weather of it down the room. Hopping, a good inch shorter than his partner, was stumbling through the motions of dancing, his small round head twisted over his shoulder in search of help. He caught sight of Johnny's wide grin and backed desperately toward him. For once Mr. Hopping's insouciance had forsaken him. He dropped his arm from the girl's waist and grabbed Johnny's sleeve. "Take her, Johnny—I'm done," he gasped. "Miss Corning—introducing Hawks—given name Jonathan. Please let me go now—there's a dear. Let your better nature dictate—"

Hopping backed off into the knot of stags, wiping his brow with unfeigned relief. The girl, who had lifted her arm to permit the little man to escape, kept her elbow raised and waited with cold acquiescence while Johnny slipped his own arm about her. She had not spoken a word. Her eyelids had dropped quizzically and there was a mocking twist—it could not be called a smile—at one corner of her mouth.

THEY danced off in silence. Hawks was highly uncomfortable and consciously speechless. Miss Corning seemed almost unaware of him.

"You dance well," she conceded finally in a toneless and throaty contralto, "but you must hold me tighter if you're going to do those wild dervish swings."

Johnny flushed, held her tighter, and moderated the dervish swings. "Sorry," he mumbled.

She brought her head back from his shoulder and looked at him from level gray eyes.

"Why are you sorry?"

"I—why—"

"Never mind." Again the slight mocking twist at one corner of the mouth. "Tell me—when do you go back west?"

"Three or four days. But it isn't really west, you know, Miss Corning. It's less than halfway west, as a matter of fact. California is just as much west to us as it is to you."

"The middle west is more western than the far west," she observed without interest. "California is nothing

but transplanted easterners, just as the new south is a lot of transplanted New Englanders."

"But, aren't you yourself—"

"No. My mother was born out there, somewhere. But we're New Yorkers, and that's not American or anything else."

"Oh," said Johnny doubtfully.

Miss Corning stopped and disengaged herself as another man cut in. She left Johnny without so much as a casual nod.

Johnny drifted thoughtfully back to the stag line. Queer girl, he reflected, queerest girl he'd ever run across. Hard-boiled? No, not exactly. But damned self-sufficient and chesty. Spoiled to death, he supposed, with her money and position. Hadn't even seemed to know who he was—yes, she had, too—but never a word about football. He had the grace to feel himself blushing. Gosh, he hoped he wasn't getting so used to lapping it up from most girls that he'd get sore at the first one that didn't hand him a lot of bouquets.

AT this point John Hawks frowned and took stock of himself in his direct way. She had surely rubbed his nose in it, he decided, and he'd steer clear. He walked out on the piazza. In a few minutes he was back again, watching the dancers. After a while he smiled, a bit sheepishly, and darted on to the floor to cut in on Miss Corning. She saw him coming, moved her head in slow refusal, and went on dancing. Johnny fell back, his face burning. But also he was beginning to see red—a little of the famous Hawks red.

He danced with her six times more that night. Her reticence—her long, cool silences—varied not one iota. For the most part they danced in silence, danced extremely and obviously well. She seemed to like it, or at least not to dislike it. It was like dancing with a brilliant and technically perfect icicle. But she had not turned him down again when he came to cut in.

"You must be tired," she suggested in her throaty contralto; "you had a hard afternoon."

Johnny's pulse jumped pleasantly. He was now on familiar ground.

"Too bad you fumbled the pass," she continued slowly; "but you had great luck afterward."

"Eh?" demanded Johnny, astonished. Then he got himself in hand; the wide and winning smile came to his rescue. Damn it, this little minx shouldn't get his goat.

"Yes—you said it, Miss Corning. I certainly did have great luck—got away with murder when it ought to have been a touchdown against us—and my fault."

She had leaned her head back again and was looking at him as she had in their first dance. There was a glint of qualified approval in the gray eyes.

"If you've nothing better to do tomorrow you might drive down with us to Long Island for a couple of days," she suggested casually.

John experienced a sudden access of rebellion. After all, he was not going to be alternately snubbed and patted on the head like a naughty child.

"I—er—thanks awfully—but I'm dated up here for tomorrow," he said awkwardly.

Again the suggestion of a smile at the corner of the mouth. "As you like," she said indifferently. "If you change your mind, call me up in the morning. I'm stopping with father at the Taft."

In next week's installment of this story you'll get an intimation of what John couldn't foresee: that his meeting with Miss Corning was the prelude to adventures far more thrilling than football.





Extra MEN

Why do the stags continue to soldier?

Some Whys and Wherefores of the "Stag Line"

(Reading time: 16 min. 45 sec.)

WOMEN seem to think they have a grievance against men in the matter of dancing. It is necessary, women complain, to have nearly twice as many men as women at a dance in order to insure that all the women are kept awirling; and even so, women say, the men are negligent and hang around the ballroom doorway in blasé crowds, looking over the partnerless women listlessly. Nothing seems to women quite so rude and

By

BRENDA UELAND



who was born in Minneapolis and lives now in Stamford, Connecticut. Married in 1916, she is the mother of a girl. Using newspaper-magazine experience, she has been for four years a free-lance writer—"hard, anxious work," she says. And, by the way, she is a feminist.

Pictures by RAY C. STRANG

heartless as this male selfishness. But, realizing that men must have something to say in their own defense, I have made an investigation to discover what men think of women's dancing and of women's ballroom behavior in general.

This is the first thing that I have discovered: men say that all women—all!—are insatiable, indefatigable, merciless dancers! Dowagers, mothers of seven, old maids,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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champion long-distance swimmers, invalids, women with bad hearts, women with fallen arches, women who toe out, women who toe in, women with curvature, with spring halt, with the blind staggers—at a dance you will find not one, say men, who does not want to dance every dance and every encore to the bitter end.

Now this seems strange to men. You would think, they say, that at least here and there, there would be a woman who would say, after she had been around the floor a couple of hundred laps, "Whew! Let's rest a second!" But men say this never happens.

First I consulted a New York society man, a bachelor who looks something like King Alfonso, though he says: "Call me Louis the Fourteenth because when there are thirteen to dinner they ask me." But the real reason they invite him is because of his mellifluous, liquefied, indescribably flowing dancing. He is one of those men who are so elegantly thin that they could go to bed with all their clothes on and get up looking as neat as before. As a matter of actual fact, this man's valet daily presses the creases in his pyjamas.

"All women," he says, "believe themselves to be good dancers. No woman ever apologizes. If only once, one woman would say, 'I am not very good, but if you will only drag me around a little while because I enjoy it so, I will then let you rest,' I would be grateful. But no; they all assume a man is swooning with the thrill of it."

"Take, for example, Mrs. R. She is one of the kindest, most intelligent women I have ever known. But her dancing! An intellectual giant, on this point she has the most curious mental blind spot."

"What makes her dancing so bad?" I asked.

"Well, she is fifty-seven, a size forty-four, and she has no sense of rhythm at all."

"How can you prove that?"

"Because if the orchestra plays The Blue Danube she'll jump up saying, 'Goody! A one-step!' She cannot carry a tune and, on top of that, she hums."

"Of course," he said apologetically, "I hate to talk this way about her; I am extremely fond of her. And I dare say her husband, the automobile magnate, is just as bad. I have never danced with him. He is a man who walks very erectly, but when he dances something seems to have happened to him; suddenly it is as though his back were broken, or his suspenders."

"YOU see," he went on reflectively, "women do not seem to realize that dancing is very hard physical work for men. Six hours of it steadily, which is the duration of formal evening parties, means that a man does the equivalent of walking twenty-four miles (since there are always two orchestras and the music never stops) and carrying a sedan chair. Women who are my very best friends, whom I would go to if I were in trouble, for help and understanding—they nearly kill me on the dance floor. I am not joking; it is really hard, disagreeable, exhausting work."

"For example, take the most tender-hearted woman in the world, the famous Mrs. S who gives so many millions to the S. P. C. A. Last winter, after the opera, I went to a big dance at her Fifth Avenue house. She is a tremendously tall, stout woman and she wore that night baby-blue satin and ostrich feathers, a diamond tiara and a tremendous roping and clustering of jewels all down her front. A nice woman, a dear personally, you

understand. But dancing with her! I tried to avoid her, sneaking from room to room, but she was after me. When, looking over the balcony, I saw her tiara coming up the marble stairs, I rode down in the elevator, as in a Charlie Chaplin film. But at last she cornered me."

"Finally I became so tired that I stumbled slightly and she fell—slipped to the floor with both feet, like a dread-naught sliding down the ways. I tugged and pulled, but had not the strength to lift her, and she lay there, tiara and jewels, ostrich feathers and all, like an overturned monument. Several men came rushing and at last we got her to her feet."

"Of course she stopped dancing then," I said.

"Oh, no, she kept right on; got right on the horse again, so as not to have her nerve broken."

NOW the question is why do the stags, even though there are so many of them that you would think they would be willing to do their small share of dancing, continue to soldier on the job?

A notorious nondancing stag, a golden-haired young man, who is invited to every dance in a debutante season, but whose practice it is to dance only about six times in an evening, cutting in on the three most popular belles, tried to explain the loafing of stags.

"In the first place," he said, "all men are tired at night. I am invited to every dance in the season; Mary Jones, the most beautiful girl in town, is invited to less than half of them, the reason being that at a well regulated party there must be

twice as many men as women. That means for us stags very late hours. Besides, men get up at seven thirty in the morning and go to work; the women sleep till noon.

"And why do we cut in upon only the popular girls? Because we are sure they will be taken off our hands. Why, at a party there will be a dozen women I would rather talk to or associate with than the belles, but I am downright afraid to. The girl who is being cut in on—that is the one we extra men make a rush for; suddenly her stock begins to skyrocket (even though of all the fools she is the most kinds), because we feel assured that it won't last. Just as there are a hundred girls a man would be willing to be married to for a year, and fifty for two years, and twenty-five for four years, there is probably only one whom he would be willing to be married to for life. . . . Why, I wouldn't dance with Peggy Joyce or Greta Garbo for half an evening. I suffer too much from chronic fatigue."

I next talked to a man who has had a great deal of experience in country clubs around Chicago, Minneapolis,

St. Louis, and Kansas City; in fact, throughout the Middle West. There are many kinds of bad women dancers, he said. First there are fat women. . . .

"Thin women are better, are they?" I said.

"Except that thin women's knees always seem to be in the way. . . . Then there are tall women who make you feel as though you were dancing with a polar bear. There are the intellectual women who toe out at an angle of forty-five degrees and who try to keep up a scintillating conversation about conditions all over the world. These simply adore folk dancing, and if you do not take great

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]



The men are negligent.

Each year millions discover this priceless secret of removing film from teeth



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

Removing it works a miracle in teeth's appearance—gives far greater protection from decay.

THE public at large is learning much about the care of teeth. Diet, it knows, plays an important part in developing resistance to decay and other troubles.

Frequent visits to the dentist have become a widely practiced safety measure.

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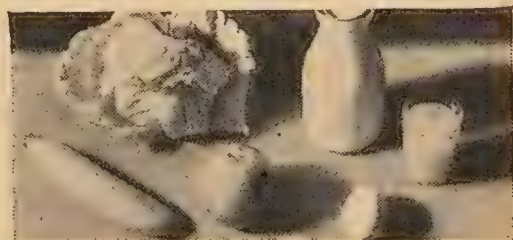
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1. *Follow this diet daily: one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk.*



2. *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*



3. *See your dentist at least twice a year.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

pains not to encourage them, they will actually try to get you to execute a couple of steps of an old morris dance or a Norwegian halling, which reminds me that you want to look out for poetic girls who have had æsthetic dancing: these always have a peculiar hop or skip that is extremely disconcerting and throws you entirely off your step if it does not actually trip you up."

Next I interviewed two married men, a Mr. Perkins and a Mr. Judson.

Asked if he liked to dance with his wife, Mr. Perkins put on the speaking-for-publication face and said: "I do. Indeed I do. I enjoy it tremendously. Mrs. Perkins is a splendid dancer and I have always found her criticism very helpful."

But in the heat of discussion, the truth kept coming out. Mr. Perkins is an iron-willed man whose wife, at the same time, refuses to be put upon. Moreover, she tells him that his dancing lacks variety. Therefore, he has become somewhat anti-woman and we must take his statements with a grain of salt. Mr. Judson is a reasonable man and happily married. Both agreed at the start that fat women are the greatest cross that dancing men have to bear.

"The other night," said Mr. Perkins, "I was watching Mrs. Handcart dance at the Yacht Club. Do you know her?" I did not. "Well, she weighs two hundred and ten pounds; one of those women who says she is not fat, but solid."

"Well, Mrs. Handcart was dancing with an extremely short but very powerful little man, a Mr. Catnip. Their dancing was typical of all dancing with heavy women: you cannot get a grip on them; it is a matter of leverage; it is on the same principle that it is so hard to carry a rolled mattress. Well, Mr. Catnip's jaw was stuck out with determination and his powerful short body was concentrated on the effort. First, after an effort, he would get her under way, moving by her own momentum down the floor straight toward the opposite wall. But within fifteen feet of this, he would have to begin to put on the brakes, to hold back in order to prevent a crash, and then, by scrambling and by a tremendously effortful sidewise maneuver, he would ease her to one side just in time so that they would sail past that corner almost at top speed, just missing it by a hair."

"But I thought there were no more fat women," I said.

"There may be numerically fewer fat women," he said, "but more of them have taken up dancing. Have you ever noticed—and I think that you will find that this is a matter of actual statistics if you make a study of it—that it is always fat women who give dinners before dances? This is because good manners demand that a man dance with his hostess."

"Does this etiquette still hold?"

"It does. But it is beginning to break down under the strain. You see, there is that old saying that fat women 'are light on their feet,'" he added cynically.

But more difficult than fat women, Mr. Judson thought, are athletic girls who "led" at college. Dancing with one of these, he said, made him think of a fireman struggling with a hose full of hundreds of pounds of water pressure; there is an unseen force on the line and he must prevent it lashing out and probably killing somebody.

WHAT about a woman who talks while dancing?

Mr. Judson said: "If she is a good dancer, I would much rather that she did not talk. But if she is a poor dancer, she may as well talk."

Mr. Perkins said emphatically: "No! I hate it! You are putting up a good fight, working your hardest to avoid collisions or to shift from a straight march to a skittish side-step that your wife has told you to do in order to get a little variety, and your partner's head, which has been near your ear, is suddenly stretched around in front of you, nose to nose, and she says: 'Do you think all men are liars?' keeping her eyes shut until three seconds after the sentence is spoken and then opening them dazzlingly into yours."

"Oh, yes, I hate that," said Mr. Judson. "I know men whose whole objection to dancing is that they hate to talk standing up."

What about drinking? "No people over thirty-five," said Mr. Perkins with the severest emphasis, "can dance without liquor. I distinctly prefer women under the influence of it. Even if a woman cannot dance, it seems to put a few springs under her and she becomes less resisting and more dreamy and does not talk so much."

Mr. Judson disagreed: "Good dancers are best cold sober. In fact, they should be in perfect condition, having had plenty of sleep, but no alcohol or cigarettes for a month. Good dancing does not require that muddled, romantic torpor induced by alcohol, as second-rate dancers think."

The two men went into a skirmish on this point, though

Mr. Judson at last was able to silence Mr. Perkins by saying: "I know more about it than you do because I am a good dancer, proved by the fact that my own wife says I am; while dancing with you, your wife tells me, is like dancing with a hatrack with a raincoat on it."

What about perfumery?

"I love it," said Mr. Perkins. "Only when subtle," said Mr. Judson.

Powder?

"When there are clouds of it, I object," said Mr. Judson.

What are the chief fatigue points?

"The left hand. You see, you cannot hold a hand out straight for more than a couple of minutes anyway, and then when a limp, large-armed lady bears down on it, putting her whole delicious weight on it, it is excruciating. The other chief fatigue point is the muscles in the back of the neck, the trapezius particularly, due to the strained position of the neck necessary to avoid dancing cheek to cheek, or other affection."

NOW an interesting thing is, many men told me, that women on the dance floor, even the most prim ones, will display a mild exhibition of affection that they will show no other place. Those very ones who will go down cellar with a man to fix the furnace, or step out into the moonlight with him, and show no more romantic interest than a maiden aunt would, busily discussing the tariff bill or the subjectivity of Time and Space, will, where everybody can see, including a wife and mother-in-law, squeeze his hand, fiddle with a lapel, press his arm, fix his necktie.

Men, on the other hand (so they tell me), hate dance-floor affection, cannot bear it, and try to do everything to avoid it.

"Men detest necking on the dance floor," said another man, and he said that he spoke for all the men he knew, in college, in the war, in his fraternity, his clubs, his business. "Nothing annoys me more than to be looked at askance by the dowagers along the wall for dancing cheek to cheek with some girl, and it is the girl who has me cornered."

But what about those dancing couples who are in love with each other? Who are engaged? "Those are the ones," I was assured, "whom you will see dancing most formally, most restrainedly."

Many men said that women are very stupid about the following sort of thing: When a man gets stuck dancing with one girl and no one cuts in and they seem doomed to dance off the whole evening together, even very bright girls seem to be stupid and unresourceful. The man is exhausted; the girl is exhausted. She knows that he cannot say, "Let's sit down," yet she has not the sense or the power of decision to say it. She might at least mumble, like Mr. Polly, "Little dog outside," and leave him. While there is not a single excuse or stratagem that good manners or etiquette permits the man to make, there are a thousand that she could make.

And women do so many maladroit things.

"The other night," said a man, "Girl Number One had been dancing with me for nearly an hour and I could see by the faces of all the other people there that they were horrified by our predicament, when fortunately she got a telegram that an aunt was dead. Then I danced with Girl Number Two. This, I began to fear, would also last all night, when suddenly Girl Number Two had a bright idea. She hailed a passing couple and said, 'Oh, George, let's switch partners.' That was fine and all very clever

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



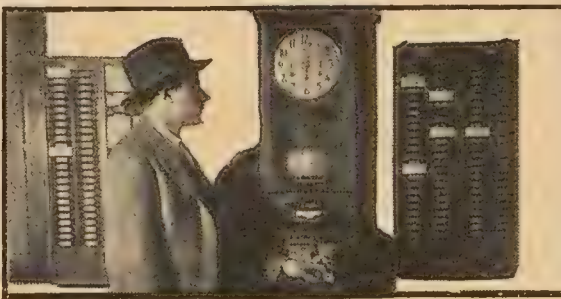
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*Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, L. D. Mathers, E. Cleveland, Ohio, and many others.



Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.



Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really COUNTED in the business and social world!



Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the GOOD things of life every man DESERVES for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.



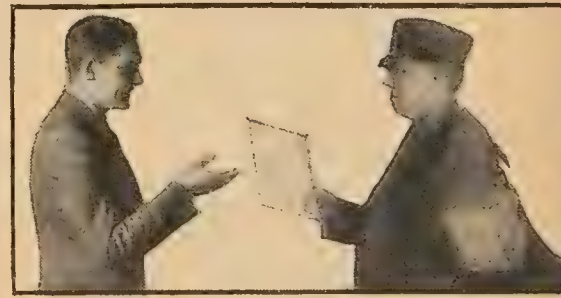
Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made \$200 a week—and Jenkins \$275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.



A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making \$525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!



The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "The MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED." It wasn't a very big book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never dreamed of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

What I Discovered



Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the REAL TRUTH about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions."

I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his \$8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making \$125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from \$15 a week to \$7500 a year—these and *hundreds* of others! It certainly was a revelation!



Free Employment Service

Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for more than 50,000 salesmen trained by their method. This service is FREE to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way!



Making Good At Last!

It didn't take me long to decide to cast my lot with N. S. T. A.—and after a few weeks I had mastered the secrets of Master Salesmanship during spare time, without losing a day or a dollar from my old job. When I was ready, the Employment Manager found me over a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over \$70 a week to start!



Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is \$4800 greater than ever before! No more punching time-clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! NOW my services are in REAL DEMAND with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared HOPE for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a pay-roll!



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Right now the book—"The Key to Master Salesmanship"—which banished all my fears and troubles and showed me how to get started on the road to success and independence—will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man, absolutely FREE. And since there is no obligation, why not see for yourself what amazing facts it contains! Just mail the coupon now—for there is no better way in the world to Invest a 2-cent stamp! I KNOW!

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"Whenever I hear my wife recommending some of the dear old fat girls she knew at college, I run a mile."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

of her, except that George happened to be dancing with Girl Number One. . . . No, the only way to surmount the hideous disadvantages of the cutting-in system is brains. And the girls don't seem to have any."

Women will make things much worse by tactless maneuvers such as trying to sell a woman friend to a man. "Now do dance with Jane. She is a perfect old peach!"

"Such a remark just makes me and all other men who hear it," said a tired business man, "avoid Jane, like poison." It doesn't matter if she is young, slim, and good looking, whenever one woman cracks up another at a dance, men are always convinced there is something wrong with her. Whenever I hear my wife recommending some of the dear old fat girls she knew at college, I run a mile."

Why? Because, he said, women never recommend possible dancing rivals but only sad birds from whom they are certain they have nothing to fear.

"I think it is," he said, "because all women want admiration from all men all the time, while a man, generally speaking, is gratified (and a little surprised) if he gets admiration from one woman once in a while."

One man said: "All the mistakes in dancing are, unconditionally, the woman's fault. If she is any good, she should be able to follow a man who is a bad dancer and to match his mistakes so perfectly that he will never be trod on or tripped."

BUT this is not true at all. I have the evidence of leading professional male dancers, of gigolos, of college boys who dance as well as colored men, that worse than fat women and athletic women, are those who attempt to do nothing but "follow"; who relax and who therefore become nothing but dead weights that must be pushed around; limp, relaxed, sodden, sagging, they are as uninspiring as a sackful of cold boiled macaroni. Now such women, mistakenly, pride themselves on the fact that they do not "resist" and that they make no mistakes in steps. But their great mistake is that they concentrate so on making no mistakes that they forget to dance in a lively, rhythmic, pleasurable way to the music. It is the difference between Fritz Kreisler and a second-rate violinist; the latter's chief concern is not to make a single mistake, while it is the music that Kreisler cares about.

A conservative New York banker, a formidably dignified man of sixty-seven, whose derby has that awe-inspiring suggestion of squareness about it, said that he went to a famous dancing place in Paris with his niece. A professional gigolo, as the custom is, came up and asked this niece to dance, and then, to the banker's surprise, a professional female dancer, a Spanish girl, asked him to dance. He was sort of flabbergasted into accepting.

"It was an extraordinary experience," he said. "I am a stiff, rheumatic old foggy of a dancer, but this young woman was so strong, so tremendously muscular underneath her slimness, and so deft, swift, and rhythmic, that it seemed to me she made me dance like a god." He hesitated, looked around cautiously, wondering whether to tell it.

"You know," he said, lowering his voice, "it was such a wonderful sensation that next night, without telling my niece, I went back to dance with her some more."

So you see the best women dancers are not just those who are unresistingly "led." There is more to it than that. A black-haired sinewy Argentine who gives ex-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

LONGEST CONTINUOUS ELECTRIC RIDE IN THE WORLD *on the New* OLYMPIAN



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● Before I climb into Lower 7, I always ask the porter: "What shaving cream do you see most?" Believe me, "George" knows.

"It's Mennen—with the men who give the good tips" ... "The big striped tube, boss" ... "That's easy—Mennen every mornin'" —those are the answers I get and get again. Men who use the best trains—men who know comfort and the importance of clean, healthy skin—they are the Mennen boosters.

Mennen lather is a cleansing treatment for the skin as well as a softening treatment for the beard. It floats out imbedded pore dirt, and thus prevents pimples and blackheads. And it so thoroughly softens the hair that I can guarantee at least 2 more good shaves per blade with Mennen. Money back if you think I'm wrong.

The guarantee covers both Mennen shaving creams. (1) *Original*—noted for its quick creamy lather. (2) *Menthol-iced*—with its refreshing tingle. *Jim Henry*
Mennen Salesman

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FINISH your Mennen Shave with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tint; doesn't show. Protects your skin against the weather and absorbs excess facial oils.

AFTER THE SHAVE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO] hibitions at fashionable New York hotels explained it.

"The perfect female dancer, as well as the perfect male dancer, is one who dances so well herself, with such rhythm and assurance, that it is mysteriously communicated to her partner, who is then flattered into the illusion that he is a perfect dancer, too. She does not just shove him, as the big strong girls do. That is to say, when a man and woman dance together perfectly, one does not follow the other; the man does not merely 'lead,' the woman 'follow,' but both, as separate individuals, are dancing so well to the music, with such inner delight and excitement, that their motions become perfectly synchronized. So, my advice to women is: dance well yourself, no matter what your partner is doing."

Among the best women dancers are Spanish or colored. The French girls tend to hop. The English are apt to be very bad indeed.

"I have been to fashionable dances in England," said a man, "and the tall beautiful girls are enough to take your breath away."

"I will never forget my first experience, though. I invited the most beautiful, the most sought-after girl in the ballroom to dance. Such gilt, ambrosial, sculptured curls she had! Such a mouth, nose, and chin, I have never seen! And such starry blue eyes!

"Well, it was a waltz, and do you know she apparently did not know

even the rudiments of dancing? She began skipping and jumping on and off my feet. 'Oh, isn't this a ripping waltz!' she would say. The others were equally bad."

I think that only very young men really look forward to dancing. After thirty-five, most men lose their enthusiasm for it and therefore no longer strive to improve their technique, and, to the vexation of their wives,

dance for the rest of their lives like somnambules. The only men over thirty-five who are good dancers are those who were born with a genius for syncope; but these, ironically, almost always tend to be, physically, not very strong; to be rather slim and airy, if not actually frail. Yet these are the ones that all women clamor to dance with and browbeat into attending unending evening parties that would exhaust a mile-runner at the peak of condition.

And the robust men who are still enthusiastic dancers after thirty-five and who can stand up under the strain, are unfortunately not good dancers, as a rule. They are the kind who regard it as a good athletic workout, who are primarily interested in space-covering, who dance either a violent, hippity-hopping two-step, or else they are the stalwart strong marchers whose dancing is like moving up on the Hindenburg Line under full equipment, tent, poles, helmet, blankets, mess-kit, and all the rest.

Well, it is a problem.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Close-Up

a brilliant new story
of Hollywood

by

Viña Delmar

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

- 1—What is the largest city on any of the Great Lakes?
- 2—Who wrote the song Over There, popular during the World War?
- 3—The name of what sea bird is often applied to a gluttonous person?
- 4—What is the largest denomination of paper currency in our monetary system?
- 5—According to Greek mythology what mountain was the abode of the gods?
- 6—What is common to the words incisor, canine, and bicuspid?
- 7—What does akimbo mean?
- 8—What rays in sunlight cause sunburn?
- 9—What is the spoils system?
- 10—What is the difference between

the functions of a grand jury and a petit jury?

- 11—What is a bivouac?
- 12—What does vis-à-vis mean?
- 13—What is gynecology?
- 14—Who was Charlemagne?
- 15—In which state is the geographical center of the United States?
- 16—How many lines in a sonnet?
- 17—Who is the most recently appointed Justice of the United States Supreme Court?
- 18—What is called the Island Empire?
- 19—What is the largest city in South America?
- 20—What composer is especially remembered for his fugues?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-one)

Mr. SHAW Speaks Out

—on Diet,
Prohibition,
and America

in an Authorized Interview

—with—



© Elliott & Fry

HAYDEN CHURCH

who has for some years enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Shaw. He was born in Ogdensburg, N. Y., entered newspaper work in New York City at 18, and at 21 sailed to Europe to write about the Old World for the New. His last visit to his own country was in 1927, when he brought back Bernard J. Doty, Foreign Legion deserter.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 43 seconds.)

“**E**VERYTHING I eat has been proved by some writer or other to be a deadly poison. Everything I don't eat has been proved indispensable to life.”

This was one of the many flashes of George Bernard Shaw's wit that scintillated throughout the first interview in which the most famous vegetarian in the world has consented to reveal exactly what he eats.

In Mr. Shaw's garden at Ayot St. Lawrence, amid the cherry orchards of Hertfordshire, his talk ranged over a wide variety of topics. It included some crackling comments on Prohibition and an avowal of the real reason why he continues to refuse to go to America and lecture, as well as the revelation of what hitherto has been one of his most jealously guarded secrets.

One previous interviewer after another has tried his hardest to probe the mystery of Shaw's noncarnivorous diet—which may possibly account for his wonderful vitality at seventy-four—and a succession of editors has urged him to name his price for a signed article unveiling the facts. But until now he has declined to unveil them.

“I only mislead people,” he replied, “when I tell them what I eat or don't eat. My diet and habits might not suit them; and I don't eat the same things every day, except perhaps at breakfast, at which I eat either oatmeal porridge liberally dosed with butter, or some drier cereal,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photo

Authentic to Mr. Hayden Church
G. Bernard Shaw
20/7/30

George Bernard Shaw, the vegetarian, author, and strictly amateur public speaker, gives interviews with his pen. The inset shows his signature authenticating this interview.

[MR. SHAW SPEAKS OUT
[Continued from page twenty-five]

with half a grapefruit, and a cup of Instant Postum to keep up the tradition of a cup of warm brown fluid with milk and sugar in it.

"I eat three meals a day, and am convinced that I should be better with two. In spite of a remark that has been quoted, I eat salads and fruit. I finish my lunch and dinner with an orange almost always; other fruits are occasional luxuries which I may peck at as I do at candies; but if they are not there I do not miss them. I eat cheese, butter, and eggs, but no flesh, no fowl, and no fish.

"I object to carnivorous diet not only because I feel instinctively that it is abominable but because it involves a prodigious slavery of men to animals."

"How do you feel about Prohibition?" I asked. "Is it your view that it has failed in the United States, as the American 'wets' declare? Would the United States be doing the sensible thing by recognizing—as it is said—that it is impossible to enforce a law that runs counter to the wishes of a large section of the community, and quashing the Eighteenth Amendment?"

"America was running dry so rapidly when the amendment was passed," Shaw replied, "that it was perhaps a mistake to force the pace. It may be that life is so miserable in America that people cannot bear it without drugging themselves with alcohol. If we cannot face the life our country offers us without Dutch courage then there is something wrong with the life and with the country. You had better try a Nineteenth Amendment abolishing Capitalism and private property. When you have got that working—no easy job; but Russia is doing it—you will probably find the Eighteenth Amendment working spontaneously. And then what will become of the poor bootleggers? I presume they are the driest of the dry."

"You had better try a Nineteenth Amendment abolishing Capitalism and private property. When you have got that working—no easy job; but Russia is doing it—you will probably find the Eighteenth Amendment working spontaneously."

"When are you going to America to lecture?" was asked.

"I have seen a good many English celebrities after they had returned from lecturing in America," Shaw replied, "and they all looked like broken-down cab horses. At my age the one-night stands would finish me."

"BUT modern travel in America ought not to be so taxing," he was urged.

"Oh, I know all about that," declared G. B. S. "The last man who tried to persuade me to go pointed out that I should be guarded at every point against the exuberance of my admirers, and could travel in such comfort and luxury that I could not fail to have the time of my life. I reminded him that I had already had the time of my life and had now to consider the time of my death. Besides, what man can compete with his own movie-talkie?"

"Another reason for not going to America as a professional lecturer," he went on, "is that by doing so I should spoil a record that I have made for myself. Although I have made hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of extemporaneous public addresses during the past fifty years, I have never taken money for one of them."

"It was in my early days, when I had begun to attract some attention as a writer, that I began to be asked to lecture by Sunday societies in different parts of the

country. The fee generally offered me was the one customary in those days, about ten guineas, or fifty dollars, on the condition that politics and religion were barred.

"My reply to such invitations was that I never spoke in public on any other subjects than politics and religion, and that I always dealt with those topics in the most controversial fashion. I added, however, that if I came I should not want any fee, as I should be perfectly content with my third-class fare when the distance involved a journey beyond my means. The invariable reply was that on these terms they would be overjoyed to have me lecture at any time, and that they felt sure they could rely on my discretion in handling delicate subjects. Thus I learned that it is only the unpaid piper who is allowed to call the tune.

"From that time until my retirement from the platform I spoke everywhere, from the street corner, where I really learned the business, to the most select assemblies. Whenever I was announced to speak the hall was crowded and the pay boxes full; but none of the money came to me. It would be a pity to begin selling myself now."

"I AM not sure," he added, "that it would not have been wiser, from my standpoint, to have permitted those who enjoy my writings to cherish any illusions they may have had about my personal appearance. The probability is that they had pictured me as a most magnificent creature, and

that even the movie came with a shock of disillusion.

"Undoubtedly discretion dictates that any writer who desires to retain such veneration as his readers may feel for him should keep his personal appearance a deadly secret. In the good old days before photography was invented a literary man's admirers could believe, if it pleased them to, that he looked like Dante. But then foolish publishers began sticking portraits of authors in their books, and let the public discover what deplorable specimens of humanity most of us writers are."

Never easy to see, Mr. Shaw is at present all but inaccessible. He is desperately busy with what will be the first collected edition of his works. It has been in preparation ever since 1921 and would have been ready for publication long before this if it hadn't been for all the other demands on the distinguished author's time. At his home in the country he is putting in long hours on the work of revision.

"There is a mass of my writings scattered about the Press," he said, "which has never been collected and made accessible, most of it forgotten and unrecorded except by amateur bibliographers, without whom I should never be able to recover it."

"When shall we have the Collected Edition?" was asked. "How many volumes will it make? You have been working on it for several years, haven't you?"

"No," he answered, "I have not been working on it for the nine years that have elapsed since the type was chosen. That is why I have to work so hard on it now. I am asked to provide thirty volumes. I would provide three hundred if I raked up all the ephemeral trash I have had to write in my lifetime. Only a thousand sets will be printed, and they are bespoken long ago. Half the type is already melted down to make room for the other half. Later on

Question 4.

Is it your view that Prohibition has failed in the United States as the American "wets," --pointing to the increase in crime arising out of bootlegging, etcetera, etcetera -- declare?

Would the United States be doing the sensible thing by recognizing --as it is said-- that it is impossible to enforce a law that runs counter to the wishes of a large section of the community and ~~quashing~~ ^{quashing} the Eighteenth Amendment?

America was running dry so rapidly when the amendment was passed that it was perhaps a mistake to force the pace. It may be that life is so miserable in America that people cannot bear it without drugging themselves with alcohol. If we cannot face the life our country offers us without Dutch courage then there is something wrong with the life and with the country. You had better try a Nineteenth Amendment abolishing Capitalism and private property. When you have got that working -- no easy job; but Russia is doing it -- you will probably find the Eighteenth Amendment working spontaneously. And then what will become of the poor bootleggers? I presume they are the driest of the dry.

A sample of Mr. Church's questions and Mr. Shaw's replies. It would seem that Mr. Shaw, in mentioning amendments, has permitted our present Nineteenth Amendment (that providing for woman suffrage) to slip his mind.

all the volumes that are worth it will be reprinted and sold at reasonable prices. An American complete edition will be on sale on the hire-purchase system."

The collected edition of Shaw's writings would advance much more rapidly if it weren't for the people who write to ask favors of him, who need money and imagine that the "millionaire socialist," as he sometimes, to his disgust, is called, will delightedly supply them.

"If I had a large office and about thirty clerks," he said, "I might possibly be able to deal with my correspondence. And if I had an income of about one hundred and fifty million dollars I might perhaps be able to advance all the money that is demanded."

"A great many people, having written once, write a second time to tell me that I might have had the common courtesy to reply to their nice letter. They don't seem to realize that writing is my profession, and that if I wrote to them all my own work would be impossible. As it is, I could have written about twenty additional plays in the time I have spent in writing to correspondents. If these people had existed in Shakespeare's time, his literary output would have been very much reduced."

"People don't think what it costs me to write letters. I am asked questions that would require an elaborate reply, which would be worth fifteen hundred dollars for the first serial rights. But they expect to get replies for nothing, forgetting that I have to live."

The talk turned to dramatic criticism, and Shaw was reminded that some critics had complained of what they termed the "inordinate length" of Saint Joan, The Apple Cart, and some of his other plays.

"To read between the lines of dramatic criticism," he replied, "you must understand dramatic critics. I understand them, of course, having been one myself. The critic's attitude toward a play is exactly the opposite of the playgoer's. To him, going to the theater is a bread-winning job, a job for which he has to be paid. Therefore his natural desire is to have it made as short and easy for him as possible. He is sick to death of compulsory theatergoing; he hates being made to think hard; and he particularly resents a long play because it means that he may be late in handing in his notice."

"THE playgoer, on the other hand, goes to the theater to enjoy himself; and actually pays—pays! think of that!—to get in. He loves the theater and flies to it to escape from his dull and sometimes squalid home. If he thinks about the author at all he feels gratitude and affectionate admiration. The critic has nothing but loathing for his ruthless taskmaster."

"There are about two practicable lengths for a play," Shaw went on. "A fashionable piece, written for people who find it a strain to dine before eight, should contain eighteen thousand words and last two hours at most. The first act consists of general indications of what is going to happen, and staves it off until the end of the second. The second consists of the big situation, which is all the writer actually has to give. Through the third act he keeps the curtain up as best he can until it is time to let the cheap people out to catch their trains to the suburbs."

"The other practicable play length is the classical three hours and a half. But only a playwright of genius can keep an audience interested enough to forget its stuffy discomforts for so long. I have found it the necessary length for the play of ideas; it is the length of the masterpieces of Shakespeare when they are played as he intended them to be played, instead of mutilated for the sake of the scene painter and the bars. Playgoers will listen all that time and longer if they are given the proper stuff."

"Eugene O'Neill has proved this in America as conclusively as I have proved it in England. New York managements now request me to extend my next play to at least eight acts."

"What will be the subject of your next play?" was the final question.

"You will know when it is completed," Shaw replied. "So will I. It is not yet begun, nor likely to be until the Collected Edition is off my hands."

THE END



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A historic tragedy on the screen: Ian Keith, Kay Hammond, and Walter Huston in *Abraham Lincoln*.

A Great Picture

The Benet Lincoln—and Some Others

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 minutes.)

1 star means fairly good.

2 stars, good.

3 stars, excellent.

4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ ABRAHAM LINCOLN CAST

Midwife.....	Lucille La Verne
Nancy Hanks Lincoln.....	Helen Freeman
Abraham Lincoln.....	Walter Huston
Ann Rutledge.....	Una Merkel
Mary Todd Lincoln.....	Kay Hammond
Mrs. Edwards.....	Helen Ware
Stephen A. Douglas.....	E. Alyn Warren
Herndon.....	Jason Robards
Tad Lincoln.....	Gordon Thorpe
John Wilkes Booth.....	Ian Keith
John Hay (Sec'y to Pres.).....	Cameron Prudhomme
General Scott.....	James Bradbury, Sr.
General Grant.....	Fred Warren
Secretary of War Stanton.....	Oscar Apfel
General Sheridan.....	Frank Campeau
General Lee.....	Hobart Bosworth
Colonel Marshall.....	Henry B. Walthall

Produced by Joseph M. Schenck. Directed by David Wark Griffith.

LINCOLN, six feet one in his stocking feet,
The lank man knotty and tough as a hickory rail, . . .
Honesty rare as a man without self-pity,
Kindness as large and plain as a prairie wind,
And a self-confidence like an iron bar.
Stephen Vincent Benet thus de-

scribed Lincoln in his epic poem of the Civil War which appeared in book form two years ago under the title *John Brown's Body*.

When Griffith aspired to repeat his early success of *The Birth of a Nation* and conceived the idea of producing an audible film of the life of Abraham Lincoln, he wisely selected Benet, who had steeped himself in the records and books of the period, to write the script and dialogue for this photobiography. Together director and author have created a great picture.

The story of Abe, from his birth in the little log cabin in the Kentucky hills to his death by an assassin's hand at the very peak of his career, is simply but beautifully unfolded.

Walter Huston moves through the film as though he were Lincoln incarnate.

You feel that even the lilt in the voice must have been characteristic of the great emancipator.

Care and good judgment were shown in the selection of the balance of the cast.

No one can afford to miss Abraham Lincoln.

★ ★ ★ RAIN OR SHINE

CAST

Smiley.....	Joe Cook
Frankie.....	Louise Fazenda
Mary.....	Joan Peers
Bud.....	William Collier, Jr.
Amos.....	Tom Howard
Dave.....	David Chasen
Dalton.....	Alan Roscoe
Foltz.....	Adolph Milar
Lord Gwynne.....	Tyrrell Davis

Produced by Columbia. Directed by Frank Capra.

Joe Cook does his stuff to perfection in the picture version of *Rain or Shine*. All the best material of the show is retained and a lot of new funny business added.

The background is circus life and of course there's a story, but you needn't bother about that. The show is Joe Cook, plus Tom Howard. They are great together. The one-man

circus performance which Joe Cook stages is worth the price of admission to anybody.

Circus pictures are no novelty, but I'm sure you've never seen one just like this before. There's a laugh a minute.

★ ★ QUEEN HIGH

CAST

T. Boggs Johns.....Charles Ruggles
George Nettleton.....Frank Morgan
Dick Johns.....Stanley Smith
Polly Rockwell.....Ginger Rogers
Mrs. Nettleton.....Helen Carrington
Mrs. Rockwell.....Theresa M. Conover
Florence Cole.....Betty Garde
Coddles.....Nina Olivette
Cyrus Vanderholt.....Rudy Cameron
Jimmy.....Tom Brown
Produced by Paramount. Directed by
Fred Newmeyer.

Schwab and Mandel, the young stage producers, made this picture for Paramount. The stage version of the musical comedy was theirs, and they were responsible for the stage successes of Good News, New Moon, and Follow Thru.

This is their first picture venture and they have succeeded in making it a fairly successful farce. They have left off the musical-comedy trimmings, just keeping a song or two, which doesn't interfere much with the action.

★ ★ LITTLE ACCIDENT

CAST

Norman..Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Isabel.....Anita Page
Madge.....Sally Blane
Monica.....Zasu Pitts
Doris.....Joan Marsh
Gilbert.....Roscoe Karns
Hicks.....Slim Summerville
Rudolpho Amendelara
Henry Armetta
Mrs. Overbeck..Myrtle Stedman
Mr. Overbeck.....Albert Gran
Produced by Universal.
Directed by William James Craft.

If Little Accident hadn't suffered a serious change in transition from the stage to the screen it would have been a better picture. The play was one of Broadway's suc-



The hilarious Joe Cook, and Joan Peers, in Rain or Shine.



Recaptured Love gives you Richard Tucker, John Halliday, and Dorothy Burgess.

called The First Mrs. Parr. Mr. Parr has an affair with Peggy Price and Mrs. Parr obligingly divorces him so that he may marry Peggy. His new wife leads him such a strenuous life that he takes to going back to the first Mrs. Parr for rest and comfort. I won't tell you how it turns out, but you can guess. It is not

to be taken seriously for a minute.

I'd like to make a suggestion to a clever producer

That he schedule The Last of the Mohicans, by James Fenimore Cooper, and assign Chief Long Lance—who did such good work in The Silent Enemy—to the rôle of Uncas.

Do you know that—

Gloria Swanson, in What a Widow, will be introduced to us as a comédienne?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Grumpy, Manslaughter, Romance, For the Defense, Let Us Be Gay, The Dawn Patrol, Common Clay.



Ginger Rogers and Charles Ruggles glorifying the American kiss, in Queen High.

cessful comedies last year and it was written by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell. But evidently it had to be changed for the screen and that spoiled half the fun.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays the distracted but proud father in a highly amusing manner.

★ ★ RECAPTURED LOVE

CAST

Helen Parr.....Belle Bennett
Brentwood Parr.....John Halliday
Peggy Price.....Dorothy Burgess
Rawlings.....Richard Tucker
Henry Parr.....Junior Durkin
Crofts.....George Bickel
Produced by Warner Brothers. Directed
by John Adolfi.

Recaptured Love is the picture version of a play by Basil Woon that was known as Misdeal, but it might have been

The Girl Went Over

*A Story of
Beauty
in Distress*

By

MAC KINLAY KANTOR

who has been roadman with a surveying crew and advertising and newspaper writer in the Chicago of his novels, Diversey and El Goes South.



Pictures by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

(Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.)

RAIN had stopped falling, but it seemed to be blowing about in the wind still, whining savagely through strands of wire that sagged from pole to pole, tangled in the darkness. Clouds might have been pressing twenty feet above—laden with pitch, impenetrable.

The dash light glowed bravely behind the instrument panel and in its reflected dimness the girl could watch her gloved hands moving aimlessly among the controls.

Gwowoww—gowowowrow. The engine growled its distressing cadence. High waves of mud swished up from the rear wheels, but the front axle was clutched in a wet chasm.

"Got to get out," the girl whispered softly to herself.

She opened the door and stepped to the running board, hesitating. Then her slim, chiffon-kissed legs were sinking in the soupy clay as she wallowed to the rear end of the car. No chance there. The spinning wheels had ground out two polished sluices behind them, as effective hindrance as a ten-foot wall.

Some farmer might be able to pull her out. And the road back to White Springs could be traversed still.

Under the glow of the dash light she gazed at her platinum watch. The fat little hands pointed to twelve and two. She didn't know whether it was two o'clock or only twelve-ten. The hour was nonessential. She did know that her arms throbbed bitterly and a hard knot between her shoulders seemed to gnaw with slow fire.

Find a farmer. Find a brawny man with elephantine horses.

As she stepped from the running board, she hesitated and bent over the side to peer into the rear interior of the car. Grotesquely black and white through the wet murk she could see the huddled body of a man lying on the floor.

She lifted her tired arms and dragged a robe from the seat, and covered Wheeling so that the farmer, when he came, wouldn't see him.

Roadside maples slapped the clouds with their wet leaves as the girl felt her way through the darkness.

A dog bugled his challenge. His huge shape moved stubbornly toward her. She scrambled up a grassy bank, and felt strands of rusty barbed wire beneath her hands. "Hello. Good dog. Old fellow." His nose was a damp question mark, sniffing against her. And beyond his shadow the bulk of a house seemed to rear itself.

The girl called, "Say! . . . Hello, there!" The big dog, his wet ruff rubbing her side, led the way toward a low porch.

Inside the house a match flickered eerily.

"Hello! Help me out—please. I got stuck—"

The doorknob rattled and a man said, "Cluny! Cluny!" very testily. The dog yapped in reply, a shrill note of reassurance and delighted gossip. Then the door had swung wide, and a very tall young man in blue broadcloth pyjamas was staring sleepily at the girl. An old oil lamp smoked dangerously in his hand.

"You don't seem to care," he remarked with plaintive calm, "whether or not I sleep."

The girl brushed back a drenched strand of soft red hair. "I'm sorry," she faltered. "I simply had to wake you up."

"So?" queried the man bitterly. "No, thank you, I don't want to buy Compton's Encyclopedia or subscribe to Wallace's Farmer. I get enough of farming during the day. And you'd better come in or you'll get more wet than you are—which, however, after due deliberation, I doubt would be possible."



the MOUNTAIN

The wet girl with the wet red hair shivered closer to the old stove, in which comforting coals dropped with occasional spasms. "I'm stuck," she said mechanically.

"Out in front?"

She nodded.

"Bad place," he commiserated. "I detest that place particularly. Possibly because I have pulled five other people out of it tonight."

The room seemed to ripple about her in dusky, ever-

widening circles; an old Seth Thomas clock and the crouching dog spun past with heedless delirium. In the ticking background a pleasant voice was saying, "Oho! Godey's Lady's Book stuff. Time for smelling salts." *Wheeling, silly Wheeling, out there in the mud, all huddled in his dinner clothes. And the wind, the endless wet wind, rushing—*

SOMETHING hard was beneath her nose, and the voice was saying, "Lord, no! Don't drink it!" An odor burned into her nostrils.

"What is it?" she heard herself saying.

"A m m o n i a . Household ammonia. . . . I'm neat. Wash windows with it."

She murmured foolishly, "I've got to get out of that mud. I'll pay you well if you'll pull me out."

"My name's Welt—W-E-L-T," he said as if he hadn't heard her; "Arthur Welt, but my dog calls me Joker. His name's Cluny—real old Scotch—ten years in the bottle. Persisted in staying outdoors after I towed the last person out of that hole; could have

been inside by the stove, dreaming like a saint. Silly dog, isn't he?"

Cluny nosed curiously at the small muddy foot near him, and the girl's blistered hand went down to tangle in his matted coat. "I think he's an excellent dog," she replied. "I'm Ives Malone—old man Malone's youngest gal—and I've got to get out of that mudhole."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

Hough faced him with the trace of a sneer. "Your questions are in order." His words might have emerged from a refrigerator.

Then he had retreated into shadows beyond the stove, a male Statue of Liberty who deposited his torch in a bracket on the wall. The dog dashed past the girl, anxious for dry warmth of the room, and she hesitated only a moment before following.

Liberty reappeared, quite conventionally shrouded in a flannel lounging robe, and closed the door. "Stove there," he pointed out.



THE ROBOT SINGS OF LOVE

THE ROBOT (singing): "O, soul of my soul, I love thee—"

BUT the Robot has no soul. And having no soul, It cannot love. Small wonder the lady spurns Its suit.

Now, if the Robot cuts a ridiculous figure beneath a lady's balcony, why expect IT to thrill intelligent theatregoers in the character of Canned Music?

* * *

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

"As you will," agreed the young man with politeness. He went into the next room and Ives could hear him singing drearily:

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives—"

He was a barnyard brute when he came out; stained denim hanging loosely about his muscular body, the gray-ing hair of his head covered by a battered slouch hat. He burrowed in the corner for a pair of muddy overshoes.

He found an electric lantern and swung its focused beam in a white circle that illuminated the painted walls. "Now, sit tight by the stove until I rout out the team."

The dog trotted ahead of him as he closed the door. . . . Ives huddled closer to the stove. Its brief circle of warmth was blessing her with an animal content.

She must have dozed. It seemed only a moment before the shadows of horses were weaving on the window and a log chain, dragging from a doubletree, clinked against the porch.

Joker was standing at the door, his lantern a great Prometheus' eye glaring from the middle of his chest. "You shouldn't go out," he declared, "but I'm afraid you'll have to, if we're going to rescue your car."

Ives followed him dizzily, her sodden feet dribbling muddy water.

"Better grab my coat," said Joker. "You won't fall down then."

She clung to the heavy denim as they tramped along behind the splashing horses. The wind hissed about their ears.

"You haven't apologized for waking me up," reproved the man.

Her grip on his coat tightened. *Wheeling, in the car—* "You didn't tell me what you were doing, away up here. Bootlegging, I suppose." She tried to weld some light-ness into her tone.

"No bootlegger. Just an honest son of the soil. Go to bed with the birds and get up with the cows and all that. I had a hired man, but he said my cooking wasn't what he had been accustomed to and he took an extended leave of absence. . . . He took my watch, too," Joker added with warmth.

The tail-light probed out of the darkness ahead, red and menacing. "Oh, yes," sighed the man. "Nice place. Get around, Moll! Get around." He swung the horses toward the ditch and knelt down in the slime to fumble with his log chain.

He stood up and wiped the cold clay from his bare hands. Ives watched him dumbly from the front seat of the machine.

"Put her in reverse. When I say 'Pull' to the team, that means the chain is taut. It also means for you to give this can everything she's got, in reverse."

She nodded, and turned hastily. She didn't want to look at that sodden pile of blankets in the rear seat.

JOKER clucked to the horses. They plunged their huge bodies into the night. "Pull!" The wheels of the car spewed water, sang horribly in the muck. One of the horses slipped with a despairing whinny.

"Whoa!" The man was back at the running board, his face angry and strained. "Why, damn you!" he roared at Ives. "You were trying to go ahead! Don't you know low from reverse on your own car?"

"Don't . . ." the girl faltered. "I got—mixed up. It— isn't my car—it—"

"Oho." And she knew that he was grinning heathen-ishly through the gloom. "Stolen! A full-fledged bandit queen."

He wedged himself beneath the steering wheel; the girl slid away from him. "Moll! Jack! Tsk. . . . Pull!"

The chain stretched like a rod; cylinders beneath the red hood churned insanely. Slowly, weightily, the car rocked up from the mire. "Pull—pull!" They spun backward, skidding broadside to the ruts.

"We're out," said Joker. He grinned down at her. "Now what?"

"I suppose—I'll try to make it back to White Springs—"

"I don't think so."

She murmured crazily, "Oh. . . . No?"

"No. Come and see." He was leading her back up the road, and with tired reaction she knew that his broad arm was around her, holding her upright as she staggered ahead. Past the sighing horses, into the darkness, over the hill. . . . Somewhere beyond the farm the thin beam of Joker's electric torch picked out a tumbling, moving break in the highway below; water was gushing past the splintered supports of a long wooden bridge.

"That's Cat Creek," he said. "How you got across it God only knows. When I pulled the last man out, two hours ago, the bridge almost went down under him when he drove across. It must have col-lapsed soon after you came."

"Then—I can't make it back, can I?"

"No."

"And I can't go ahead?"

"You saw that hole. No car could get through it, and there are worse ones beyond."

Mercifully enough, she couldn't see his face—it was veiled by darkness—but even so she closed her eyes as she tried to force the brutal words from her mouth: "I meant to tell you—in the car—he's—I think he's—"

"We'll get the car up by the house," said Joker. She did not know whether or not he had heeded her attempted revelation. His arm was around her again. . . . "Nope. Don't fall. Good girl. . ." He had picked her up, was carrying her through the mud.

"HERE'S the car." He slid her into the front seat and turned away, lifting his lantern. "Now then, St. Ives. What were you confessing about?"

She strangled a scream as his hand went down and lifted the wet robe from the floor in back.

Joker was whistling softly between his teeth, studying the inert shape of Wheeling Hough.

"Your husband?" he asked softly.

"No. No."

"Dead or drunk? Or maybe dead drunk?"

"I don't know." The mountain wind seemed to snatch the sentence from her lips and smother it in dark air. "I—he was drunk and—" Then she was crying frenziedly at him: "Don't give me away if I—if I killed him! He tried—right outside White Springs— We had been to the inn. He was so drunk—and there was a wrench lying on the floor—I hit him with it—I had to. He—"

Joker's whistle was still droning away, soothing her broken words. "No. I think you knocked him cuckoo, that's all. Too bad the wrench wasn't heavier." He paused, seeming to consider. "This his car?"

"Yes. He—we had been engaged. Last year. Then I broke it. He wanted to drive up to the inn—we'd talk it over, he said. . . . After that happened, I tried to drive back to Newburg. Only a hundred miles. But there was a detour off the pavement—I guess I went too far on the detour—"

"Oh, indeed," mused Joker. "Entirely too far. Right out of heaven, and so forth. What's the patient's name?"

"Wheeling. Wheeling Hough."

"Lie down, Wheeling dear," he ordered the unconscious man. He slid beneath the wheel and started the motor. The big touring car swished slowly along the road, the horses tramping undriven behind it, up the incline, and into the farmyard. Cluny sprang ahead and stood at the porch door, whining eagerly.

Joker shut off the ignition and stepped to the ground. "Having no available garage," he explained, "we shall leave the car out in the yard. First I shall take you into the house, St. Ives; then I'll put Moll and Jack in the barn; then—and not until then—shall Mr. Wheeling Hough be transported to a haven of warmth and tenderness."

This program was carried out with few irregularities. Ives Malone sat on the edge of a chair by the stove, staring at the door with wide, nervous eyes until Joker's big figure blocked it again, carrying a very limp Wheeling in his arms.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]





*"That is Newburg," he said.
"Eighteen miles. And no more
rivers to cross."*

[THE GIRL WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN]
Continued from page thirty-three

With Mr. Hough warmly wrapped and slumbering upon an old couch in the corner, Joker came cheerfully over to Ives. "It might have been a wise idea to put up the top on that car."

"I didn't know how." She was vaguely astonished at the great effort it cost her to speak. "All I could do was—drive."

"Quite so," he nodded. Then Cluny was chaperoning them as Joker carried Ives into a small, tousled-looking bedroom. The young man kicked his own crestfallen clothes out of the way and placed her on the edge of the bed. "Minute," he said, and went out to the kitchen, to return with a large pan of steaming water.

He was on the floor in front of her, drawing off her mud-incrusted shoes and hose. "Foot in," he ordered. "Slow-oh. It's plenty hot." The girl felt a thin, burning tenderness all about her feet, rising along her legs. "You, St. Ives, will wallow in this commodious pan with

prompt obedience. When you are sufficiently wallowed, a towel hangs on the foot of the bed, and a clean suit of pyjamas beyond. After all that, you may roll into bed and call me to remove the unsightly traces."

The door closed tightly behind him.

She had a confused memory of removing the drenched silk and chiffon that clung to her, and crouching over the pan of steaming water as she sponged weakly at her quivering skin. An unfathomable lethargy possessed her; she donned the huge pyjamas and slid into the rumpled bed with a mist of sleep rising before her eyes. "All right," she managed to call.

Joker entered briskly. "Sleepy," he said approvingly. "Don't worry about getting up with me to do the chores. I'm better at that than you could ever be."

Ives buried her face in the warm pillow. "I—ought to call Aunt Elda Terwilliger," came her muffled voice.

"In Newburg, I suppose? Well, Aunt Elda will just have to think that Wheeling has spirited you away for a Lochinvarish match over the border and awa'. For, my

child, the electric lines have been down for three hours, the telephone lines for four, and my broadcasting apparatus is not functioning just now. . . . Good night, and all that goes with it."

He carried the pan and towels away, and came back to secure his own clothes from the floor. "I neglected to tell you," he said solemnly, "that there is a firm bolt on the leeward side of this door."

Ives opened her eyes with a supreme effort. "Joker . . . I wouldn't know what a bolt meant, here. Joker, you're an angel."

"Thanks. Many would doubt—However, good night, St. Ives."

SOMETIME during the night he must have hung up her dress and lingerie to dry, for they were lying on the foot of her bed, awkwardly folded, when she awoke. Her snakeskin shoes, cleansed of mud and rubbed to respectability again, were side by side on the floor.

Yellow-green box-elder leaves brushed the open window; the sun, high in the sky, glinted through them with the warmth of honey.

Hough was sitting on the edge of the couch when she came out. He looked pale and savage; he was dressed in coarse overalls and a white bandage gleamed neatly around his head. He looked at her with the inimitable sheepishness of a man who had known many women but had most definitely judged one of them incorrectly.

Ives brushed a last frond of auburn hair behind her ear. "How does your head feel?" she inquired.

Wheeling had the decency to let his round cheeks color unhealthily. "All right. Slight headache, of course. . . . I'll talk with you when we are alone."

"I don't think so," said the girl.

"As soon as this man gives us our breakfast," he declared, "I'll borrow one of his horses and swim this creek down here. I can get to a telephone on the other side and call Harry McCrae. He'll come and take us out."

Joker stood in the doorway, a blue apron around his waist and a coffee-pot in his hand. He was listening most impolitely to Wheeling's words.

"How," he pursued inquisitively, "do you know that you can find a telephone on the other side? Just how will you instruct a plow horse to climb the sandstone bank which borders Cat Creek at this point? And who, with all reverence, is Harry McCrae?"

Hough faced him with the trace of a sneer. "Your questions are in order." His words might have emerged from a refrigerator. "First, I happened to notice this morning from your dooryard that the only lines down seem to be on this side of the creek. Second, I can crawl up the opposite bank if the horse can't. Third, Harry McCrae is a friend of mine who owns a good plane and can land on a pocket handkerchief, let alone a farm in the sticks."

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



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[THE GIRL WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN]
Continued from page thirty-five

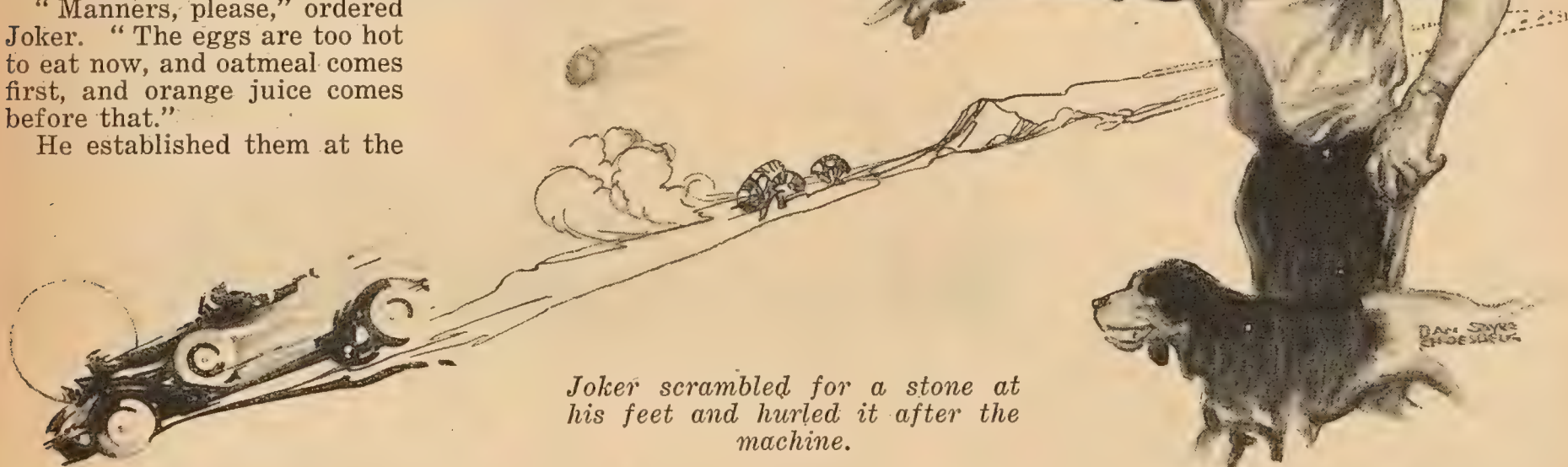
"That's as may be," replied Joker. He patted the lid of the coffeepot meditatively with a fork. "The only field on this hillside farm where it would be at all possible for a ship to land is my oatfield, and right now I hazard the charge for such a landing and resulting damages to my experimental oats at twenty-two hundred dollars and seventy-six cents. If you, or your friend, care to pay that amount, I shall be delighted to stand by and watch the ensuing crack-up." He turned back to the stove. "As an afterthought," he remarked over his shoulder, "Moll and Jack both hate the water. You might try a cow. Or you might try swimming it by yourself."

Wheeling said unpleasantly, "I'd like to drown you in it."

In the kitchen, Ives Malone watched Joker coaxing plump eggs from a thin foam of bacon grease. "Can't I eat out of the pan?" she appealed.

"Manners, please," ordered Joker. "The eggs are too hot to eat now, and oatmeal comes first, and orange juice comes before that."

He established them at the



Joker scrambled for a stone at his feet and hurled it after the machine.

table in the living-dining room, and gave Ives a red-fringed serviette. "It's the only clean one I have," he explained. "Wheeling, mustn't spill anything on those nice overalls."

Ives lifted contemplative eyes above her orange juice. "I had been wondering how Wheeling happened to be in those clothes."

"My name is Hough," said Wheeling in a hot snarl, "and I am wearing these clothes because I was forced to. There are legal refuges which I shall take as soon as we are out of this hole."

He pushed back his chair and walked stiffly from the room. Through the open door they could see him studying the banks of the creek which debouched below the hill.

A dreamy silence settled over the table—a midday silence, cozy with the sweet stupor of negligence. The man sat gazing through the door, sunlight hunting gray swaths in his thick hair. Quite as if it were a matter of habit, his hand went up to the breast pocket of his overalls and produced a package of cigarettes which he handed to the girl. He offered a kitchen match with a poisonous pink tip.

"You're not so old," Ives remarked cautiously.

"Thirty-four," said Joker. "I can remember shirt waists and bag swings."

"I can't remember those. . . . I suppose you were in the war?"

"Oh, quite. Three years with the R. F. C."

IVES indicated Wheeling with a disdainful gesture. "He's only twenty-six."

"Lucky," the man replied curtly.

"I wish you wanted to talk," Ives said. "It's going to be very stupid up here if you persist in having brown studies or whatever color studies you're having."

Joker turned from his perusal of the man in the yard. "Do you know," he asked abruptly, "what I would like to do?"

"Send me home?" asked Ives.

"I would like to kiss you," he said softly. "I would like to kiss you frequently and with the utmost abandon."

Ives exhaled, frowning. "Wheeling would see us," she objected.

"I know it," declared Joker angrily. "And, also, your aunt would not approve. She hates kissing."

"She does indeed." The girl drowned her cigarette cruelly in a puddle of orange juice. "You awe me, Joker. How did you know?"

"Many years ago," Joker narrated, "I was a reporter for the Newburg Nonpareil. My position gave me contact with prominent persons, and thus I came to know Aunt Elda. But, at the time, I didn't know that she was a real aunt to anybody."

"Old man Malone's youngest gal," Ives responded. "The Malones. You should know! And Aunt Elda Terwilliger was a Malone in the first place. . . . And so you quit reporting for the R. F. C.—whatever that was—and quit the R. F. C. for farm life."

"Not quite," he said. "There was a Strange Interlude or perhaps Strange Interval devoted to fiction."

"YOU were successful," Ives deduced. "You wrote a book and made a lot of money, and came up here to write another."

"Again, not quite. I had fifteen thousand dollars in bonds, and then I ran dry. Before you," he added, arising impressively, "is one of those odd creatures: a Writer Who Has Written Himself Out. It's like ground, St. Ives. Certain kinds of earth, having been treated in a certain manner, are improved by a period of idleness. And I hope to be improved by a period of idleness. Next year I shall go back to New York, lighter in purse and entirely recovered from my sterility. God and fiction move in mysterious ways; I refuse to question their workings."

"Give me that apron," Ives demanded. She twirled the strings around her waist. "I must be taking you from your work."

"That sounds like a hint for me to seek Wheeling's company in the barnyard," he said. "But I will not go. Instead, I will turn on the radio and we will do the dishes."

His twist of the dial on a small instrument in the corner brought the announcer of station WXX into the room. "Office of the Newburg Nonpareil," said WXX, "located on the top floor of the Nonpareil Building in Newburg. It is now eleven-thirty, standard time, and you will please stand by for the reading of local news bulletins—"

"Contact with the outside world," interposed Joker. "Doesn't it make you feel isolated?"

Ives poured a cascade of soap flakes into the dish water. "I have often said that I adored isolation."

"—a storm which swept over this section late yesterday," said WXX. "Two are known to be dead at Chief Mountain, where the rising waters of Cat Creek drove scores from their homes in the valley. Grave fears are entertained for the safety of Miss Ivy Maloney,

niece of Elda Flagg Terwilliger."

Ives squealed and sped to Joker's side. They both stared at the loud-speaker with fascination.

"—in company with Wheeling Hough, son of R. T. Hough, president of the Second National Bank. The young people were last seen at the White Springs Inn, and from that point their car was traced beyond Chief Mountain. Searching parties who spent the morning scouring declivities along the Benson Grade report no traces of the pair. It is feared that they have been drowned in Cat Creek, where the flood has washed away a bridge. Peter Poffenstein of Bear Township was rendered unconscious when lightning struck his home and shattered—"

Joker drew a long breath. "Poor Aunt Elda. I'll bet that she has called out the whole D. A. R. on this!"

"That's all right," said Ives bitterly. "But I'll never forgive WXX for that 'Ivy Maloney.' I always told my parents that they should have named me Panthea."

JOKER went to the outside door. "Wheeling. Oh, Wheeling!"

Hough appeared from in back of the barn and stared fixedly at him.

"Come here," said Joker. "It just came in on the air. You're drowned—you and Ivy Maloney. We ought to have a double funeral."

Hough's voice splintered hoarsely, "Ives! This man insulted you!"

"Do tell," said the girl from the kitchen. "Bring the wrench from the car, Wheeling. I'll soon tend to him."

Wheeling's smooth face was a light sienna. He took two quick steps toward Welt, and then paused. On the doorstep Cluny menaced with a husky barytone.

"Come closer," said Joker. "Or maybe I had better meet you halfway . . ." Some acid chemical had been frying in his brain since the night before, and now it roiled into foam. Before he knew it, he had crossed the intervening space, had seized Hough by his shoulder, had spun him on his heels until he was facing the stone barn and the black stream beyond.

"I ought to knock your can off," he said kindly. "But you had a bad crack last night and I won't take advantage of your disability—"

Wheeling yowled. "Let go of me, you damn' farmer!"

"What I meant to say," Joker went on, bending toward Wheeling's ear and spitting the words at him like angry pebbles, "was that there's a bridge two miles upstream—a high one, and I know it hasn't gone out. You can reach it by taking that side road past those cedar trees. The road's mostly rock, and you won't get stuck. Take your car and travel. By following that road, you'll put in an appearance at Cove Forks, twenty miles north of White Springs, around two-thirty—"

Hough wrenched his round shoulder from the other's grasp. "Why

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE GIRL WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN]
Continued from page thirty-seven

didn't you tell us about that road before? You—" "There is no 'us' to it," Joker snarled. "If you must know, I am a kidnaper by profession. I am holding Miss Malone for twenty thousand dollars ransom. She's my prisoner. Now, beat it!"

Without another word, Wheeling climbed into the car. His hand trembled on the switch—whether from fear or anger, Joker did not know.

"My clothes," said Hough. "They're—"

"I'll send 'em to you, wrapped in tissue paper. You can keep those overalls. That pair never did fit me, anyway."

Wheeling wiped his tongue along dry lips. "I don't know what to make of you," he muttered. "Ives said that you were damn' decent to me last night. Put me to bed while I—while I was drunk, and all that. And now you act as if you were crazy."

"I am crazy," said Joker. "I should have tied you into a bundle last night and mailed you to Newburg by parcel post. My little peeve, if you must know, is that you had to be taught your moral lessons with a monkey wrench."

Hough shrugged wearily. "Don't be an evangelist. I'll have time enough to regret it."

"Undoubtedly. Now, you'd better take off. Tell Miss Terwilliger that her niece is being cared for at this farm. You can invent any explanation that you see fit. I have no doubt that it will be a presentable one."

Brown vapor spun from the exhaust of the big car; it moved across the yard with a persistent glide. As he cramped the front wheels between the gateposts, Hough slid into high. He grinned as he waved his hand. "I hope," he called, "that you have good luck . . ."

Joker was fifty yards from him, and already the car had shot into the driveway. Blindly, the big man scrambled for a stone at his feet and hurled it after the machine. He heard a dull *punk* as it struck the body, and with dazed satisfaction watched Wheeling duck his head like a mechanical midget. The car lunged from sight in green shadows of the trees.

"Throwing rocks!" exclaimed Ives, aghast in the doorway. "You ought to know—Joker, where has Wheeling gone?"

"To see Aunt Elda." He sat down heavily on the doorstep.

IVES sat down beside him. She hugged her polished knees with grave detachment. "The dishes are all done. . . . May I sit here in the sunlight—and just dream? You don't need to bring me anything to eat or drink—"

"I have nothing to eat or drink," he interrupted soberly.

"Because all I want to do is sit in the sun. You see," she explained, scowling at the blood-colored shoes which still bore traces of clay, "there's no telling how soon Wheeling will be at Aunt Elda's threshold, telling her all he knows

and a lot he doesn't. And then she'll get herself transported across that river in a basket or something, and come to take me home."

Joker cut a notch in the wooden step with his thumbnail. "She won't have to come over the river in a basket, St. Ives. I'm afraid I have lied to you."

His face was very solemn; suddenly he stood erect, bent down, and lifted her to her feet. "Come up the hill behind the house. I'll show you."

He led her through a damp barrier of lilac bushes where catbirds shadowed away from their passing and heart-shaped leaves brushed their faces with rubbery lips. . . .

BELOW them, the checkered sea wallowed down across lower ridges until it fused with a purple murk—a wide, deep-seated blot of smokestacks, and toy factories, and thin buildings that glinted foolishly in the sunlight.

"That is Newburg," he said. "Eighteen miles. And no more rivers to cross. I can take you over this road to the interurban station in a buggy, and you can grab the train back to Aunt Elda."

"Oh," said Ives.

"Of course," he interposed, "we don't need to start until after we've had some lunch. And before I forget it: I wouldn't have chased Wheeling home as I did, except that I didn't want this snug area to be pictured in the tabloids as a Murder Farm. The cows wouldn't like that."

Ives was sitting in the grass, pulling at green strands. "I used to be able to put one of these grasses between my thumbs and make a nice noise when I blew on it. Can you do that?"

"Oh, damn you," growled Joker sadly. He crouched in the grass beside her. "Look here, woman. Don't you see the point? There'll be a town scandal and everything if they find you up here with me—no escort or anything—"

Bbbrrr, said Ives' blade of grass. "Not if we were married," she announced. "They couldn't say a thing then. Could they?"

He seized her wrists. "Who—who told you I wanted to marry you?"

"Look out," she warned. "You've ruined my grass blade. . . . Well, it's a positive fact that I won't stay here with you unless we are married."

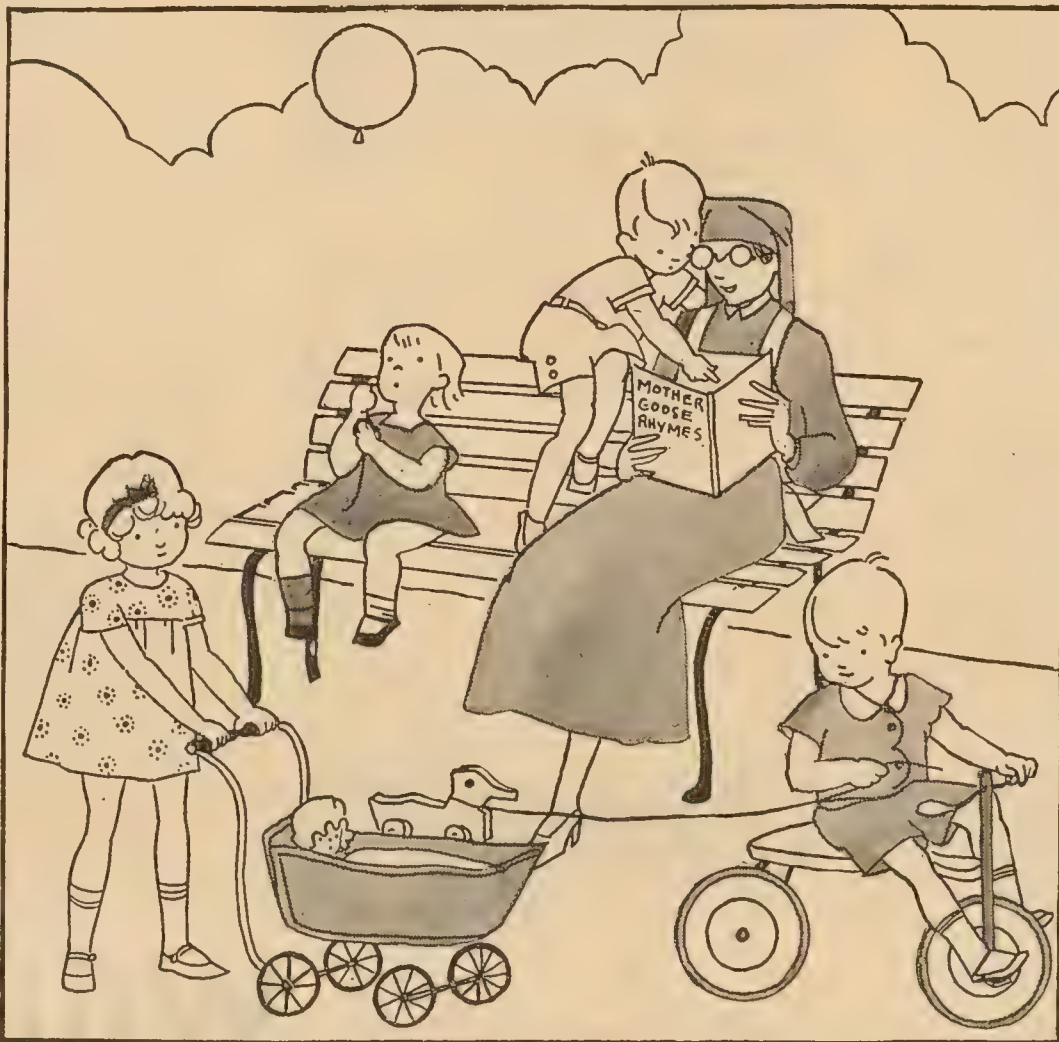
"You couldn't stand it on this farm. It's too—Ives—St. Ives—you—"

"Oh, yes," said Ives with confidence. "At least for another season. And then we'd go back to New York, wouldn't we?"

The catbirds began to take heart, after that, and came trooping back into the lilac bushes, with throaty gray chuckles. They were shy catbirds, and any movement on the grassy ridge above would have sent them flitting away.

THE END

What's Wrong Here?



Twelve mistakes were made in the drawing of this picture. See if you can find them without consulting the list on page seventy-eight.

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THE BEAUTY of the new Ford, so apparent in line and color, extends also to the upholstery and appointments. You note it as you open the doors and see the attractive interiors. You find it also in those important little details of trim and finish which a woman's practiced eye is quick to catch. There is about the car a distinctive style or tone which reflects the substantial quality that has been built into it. In external things, as in mechanical construction, the new Ford has been built to endure.



THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

The Ingram \$5,000 Contest *has started* an International Row!



TEXAS
BACKS THE TUBE

CANADA COMES
OUT FOR THE JAR

What do you think?

INGRAM'S \$5,000.00 contest long ago overflowed America into Canada! The battle of tube vs. jar has now reached almost every country where men want Cool shaves!

Mr. Crawford, our Southwestern Manager and a tall Texan, too, is certain that the new tube will win by a mile! But our Canadian head, Mr. Stenhouse, backs the blue jar, which, even before the tube was thought of, made such extraordinary strides in sales!

At headquarters, too, opinions

are divided, and lots of hot arguments break out here at home.

What's your opinion? It's a simple contest, easy to enter—free from bother and red tape, and an excellent test of your business judgment.

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's went on sale in the new tube. Of course, it's still sold in the blue jar as well. And the tube sells for the same price.

All you are asked to do is to submit your opinion of how well

the new tube will sell this year—as compared with the jar. You have plenty of time to enter the contest. There are 328 chances to win!

Here's a Little History to Help You:

Originally placed on the market in the blue jar, Ingram's has climbed steadily to a place of world-wide prominence. For this velvet-smooth, cooling cream brings a bracing and refreshing sensation to the faces of all men who try it! Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave*. With Ingram's you can shave closer. And your skin will be innocent of those fiery little razor nicks that make shaving an ordeal for so many men!

The figures below show how successful Ingram's has been. Sales for the last four years were as follows:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars



INGRAM'S



"The Tube is a Pipe!" says C. M. Crawford, Manager of Southwestern Branch.

"There's a superstition, or maybe it's a fact, that all Texans are good guessers. My guess is that the new Ingram tube will win this contest in a walk. How many men prefer a tube? Nearly all of them—in this country at any rate! So I pick the new Ingram tube to win—and win by a mile!"

C. M. Crawford



"The Jar can't Lose!" says J. G. Stenhouse, Manager of the Canadian Branch.

"Texas to the contrary, the old Ingram jar has always been the All-American favorite. A million shaving men are used to it—they like it. If likes and dislikes could be changed in a day, I might advise you to back the tube. But my tip is that the jar will end with a good big lead."

J. G. Stenhouse

328 Cash Prizes

Some men, we know, prefer a tube. But a million men already swear by the blue jar that lifted Ingram's to its outstanding popularity today!

To make Ingram's obtainable in a form attractive to all men, we've brought out the new tube to take its place beside the jar. Remember—it's all the same cool cream... cool... Cool... COOL... COOL. The difference rests only in the packaging.

We don't know ourselves whether the tube or the jar will make the biggest success. Both are going fast. See the column to the right for details of the contest. And think, for a moment, of the sales figures for the jar, printed on the page to your left. Note how sales have grown. Consider the relative merits of the jar and tube.

Then write, in 75 words or less, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect

it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	\$1,000.00
Second prize	\$500.00
Third prize	\$250.00
Next 325 prizes	each \$10.00

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It brings a brand new sensation and luxury to your morning shave. You'll know it's different when first you put it on your face. For Ingram's is the pioneer cool shave.

We'll gladly send a 10-day supply of cool Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest. Don't delay! Do it today!



SHAVING CREAM

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 31, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 31, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

Blended for
wins friends
a character
them

a taste that
Possessing
that keeps

Old Briar

TOBACCO



Old Briar is not an adaptation of any brand or blend. It's the result of thousands of tests made by tobacco manufacturing experts during the past five years. It is basically and radically original and individual. Smoke a pouch full and see for yourself its friendliness and unique character.



15 cents

GRAPHIC
SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH
BARTON



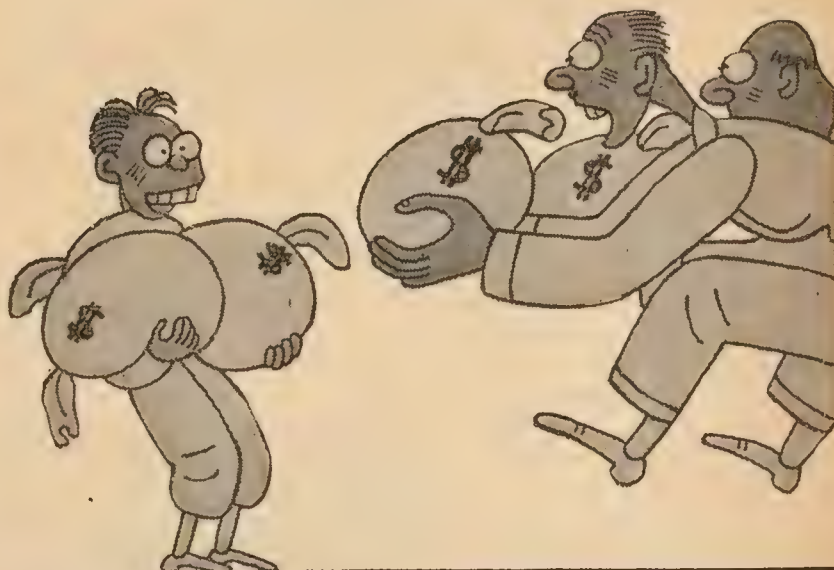
12-year-old youth flings self from plane in mid-Atlantic—



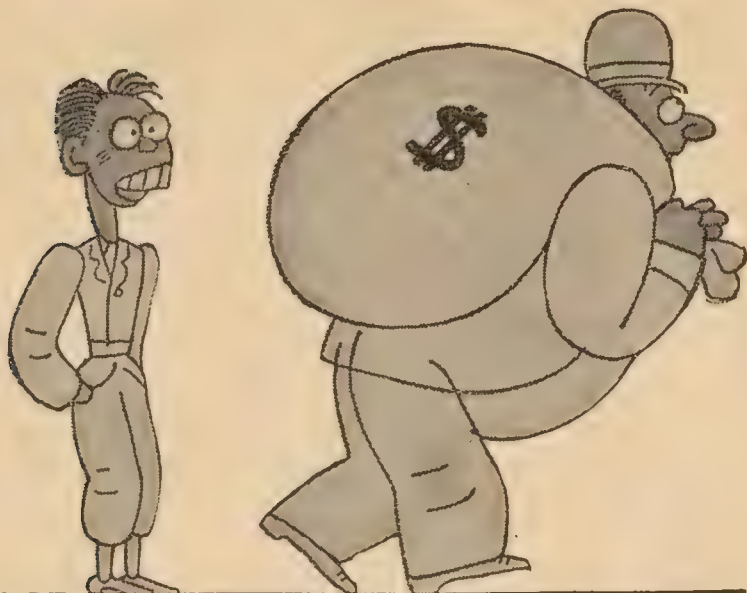
—and consumes large apple pie before striking water.



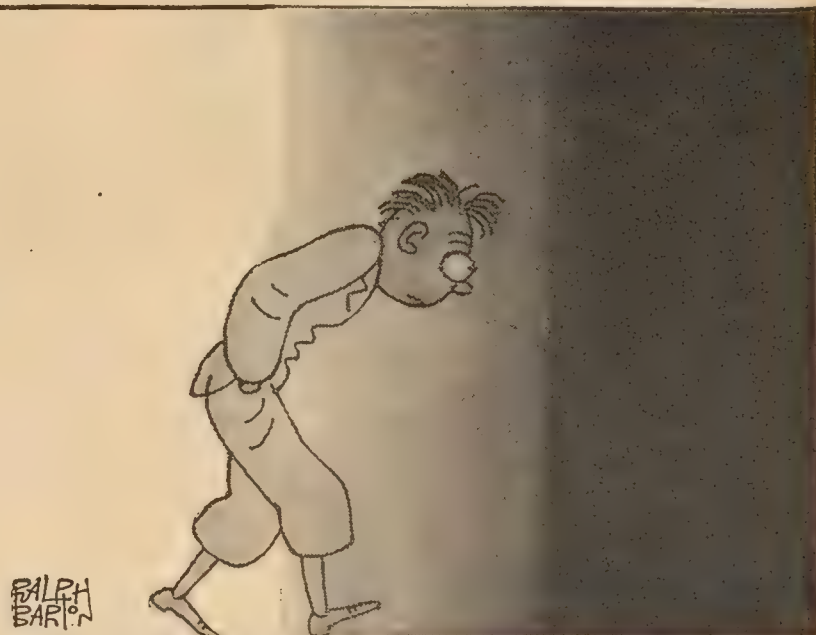
As this is first time in history feat has ever been accomplished, youth becomes world-famous figure on return to New York—



—and, before the end of week, earns \$29,784,000 in vaudeville, pictures, indorsements, and newspaper syndicates.



By Tuesday of following week, youth has settled with his press agents and managers for \$29,783,996.60—



—and on Wednesday he pockets his \$3.40 profit and plunges back into oblivion for rest of his life.

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF A CAREER

Madcap

*The True Story of
a Great Comédienne*

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 22 minutes 10 seconds.)

BEFORE the diminutive Mabel Normand was twenty years old, she had risen from a humble home via the artists' studios to where her ninety-nine pounds of vivacity were a heavy factor in the motion pictures. Under Mack Sennett's direction, she established an unequalled reputation as a comédienne. In last week's installment of her life story, Mr. Sutherland told how she got Charlie Chaplin his first opportunity, and now we find her with Chaplin and Fatty Arbuckle, forming the famous trio of the old custard-pie days.

PART THREE—MICKEY AND MAETERLINCK

"NOT long after Charlie Chaplin came to the Keystone studio Fatty Arbuckle joined us," Mabel Normand continued. "I wonder if three such clowns will ever again be together in a picture. I don't know how many of those old one- and two-reelers we three made, but we turned them out by the scores—three clowns, each of whom was to walk through the shadows in the years to come."

"We made the world laugh as it never has laughed before or since; there were countless millions of men and women and children who loved us in our pictures—and all three of us have felt our own salt tears upon our lips."

"Well, they seem always to have gone together—laughter and tears. Charlie's funny feet and his grief-laden eyes—laughter and tears. Mabel's waggish eyebrows and her quivering upper lip—a laugh and a tear. Fatty's grotesque bulk and his breast heaving with sighs because the heroine loved a slimmer and handsomer man—a guffaw and a tear."

"It makes me proud to have worked with those two men, consummate artists, laugh-evokers without peer, tragic clowns in the misadventures that overtook them."



Action!



Camera! Three scenes from the riotous film, Mickey.

"I remember the names of only a few of the pictures Charlie and I made together: Mabel at the Wheel, Mabel's Strange Predicament, Love and Gasoline, Caught in the Rain, Leading Lizzie Astray, The Fatal Mallet, and Married Life."

"It was in Married Life that I wept while pressing Charlie's pants, and in trying to keep him cheered up endeavored to conceal my own misery by spreading my fingers and pushing up the corners of my mouth into a forced smile. This bit of business was used long afterward in Broken Blossoms. Well, there's plenty of room on the screen for everybody."

Ma

bel Normand



Miss Normand worked on this famous comedy from August, 1916, to April of the next year. It cost only about \$150,000, but it made millions.

"A year or so after he came to us, the fast-climbing Chaplin genius clashed fiercely with the marvelous directing talent of the great Sennett, and Charlie left us. Mack had gone to New York, and while he was away Chaplin directed one of his own pictures, Dough and Dynamite.

"When Sennett got back and saw it, he was so pleased that he put his own name on it—and Charlie hit the ceiling! He sent to London for his brother Syd to look after his artistic and business interests, and quit us to join the Essanay in Chicago.

"The day he left he took me to luncheon at Pop Levy's, but first had me go with him to the bank that long afterward figured in a strange coincidence that was partly

responsible for my seeing William Desmond Taylor a little while before he was mysteriously shot to death.

"Instead of entering the banking rooms, Charlie led me to the vaults downstairs and opened his box. It was packed with bank notes.

"'Why, Charlie, you chump,' I said to him, 'what's the idea of keeping all this money here instead of upstairs earning interest?'

"'Interest? What's that?' he echoed dazedly. 'All I know is this: this is the first big money I ever made, and I'm not going to leave it around where some of those clerks can steal it. If the bank fails all I have to do

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MADCAP MABEL NORMAND]
[Continued from page forty-five]

is come down here; and my money's safe, isn't it?"

"He stuffed the bills into his pocket and then turned to me and said:

"Let me tell you something, Mabel. Most of this money came to me through you: you made Mack hire me at seventy-five dollars, and you got all my raises for me till I'm getting one hundred and twenty-five dollars now. So remember this—I'm pretty close with my money, but if you ever need any of it, all you have to do is holler. You're making a lot more than I am now; but some day you may be in a jam and need help. Just let me know, Mabel, and I'll come running."

"After we cried a bit over our luncheon, he took the train to Chicago.

"One of the famous pictures we made was Tillie's Punctured Romance, starring Marie Dressler, a genuinely funny comédienne. She played a country girl who left her boob lover, none other than Sennett himself, and came to the big city to make her fortune.

"There she fell in with evil folk; some of the evil folk being represented by myself in the rôle of a hotel maid, Fatty Arbuckle, a blundering cop, and Chaplin, a drunk who made a pest of himself around the hotel lobby. It ran five reels and was Nappy's first big feature. It would cost somebody a lot of money to get that quintet in one picture today!

"WELL, the years slid along. And Nappy and I battled more and more. I wanted better pictures, and I was becoming financially independent. Also, I was getting tired of grinding out short comedies to bolster up programs in which other stars in other companies, as well as our own, were featured in pretentious films and were paid far more than I was.

"Mack accused me of being temperamental and hard to control, both in and out of the studio. I accused him of experimenting with new faces and names, giving them fine pictures, while using me to keep the cash rolling in.

"In the late spring of 1916 he began a picture called Mickey, and when I read the script it made me sick to think of the lovely thing being given to another comédienne. I fell ill, and when I recovered I quit.

"Well, Sennett got busy. He let me do Mickey and promised to let me have my own studio and to raise my pay. So the Mabel Normand Studio, Inc., was taken over

and a beautiful suite fixed up for my dressing room.

"Mickey hadn't clicked in its early phases under its first three directors—Jimmy Young (husband of Clara Kimball Young), J. Farrell MacDonald, and a man named Gilstrom.

"Knowing Sennett was on the run, I made him let me pick the cast and name my own director, Dick Jones. We had quite a battle over Dick, Nappy saying he was too young; but I had my way.

"Then I picked the other players. George Nichols was my foster father; Laura La Varnie was the cruel mother back East; Lew Cody was her rascally son; Minta Durfee, Fatty Arbuckle's wife, was an equally wicked sister; and Wheeler Oakman was the surveyor and the hero who finally won my hand.

"WE began Mickey in August, 1916, and finished it in April the next year. Dick and I threw away all the earlier scripts and

started with enough to fill just one sheet of paper, making it up as we went along. All sorts of things happened, including my usual quota of accidents, for most of which Dick was responsible, as usual.

"Once, when I was a tomboy in the western mountains, a squirrel was to run up my pants leg. It was attached to piano wires, invisible to the audience, and the little devil got loose from the wires and almost gnawed my leg off. I screamed to Jones, but he thought it was so funny

he had the camera keep on grinding until he had enough footage and the squirrel had enough leggage.

"Dick had trouble about the picture, too. He said Sennett owed him sixteen thousand dollars in bonuses he would have made directing short comedies during the time it took us to make Mickey.

"Sennett said he'd have to collect from some new backers of the picture who had got in through one of the old-time trick reorganizations. When Dick couldn't collect, he kidnaped the film, hid it in a safe-deposit box, and disappeared.

But the detectives finally caught him and he turned it back to Sennett.

"I dwell on Mickey because it was my best work and because it is a historic picture. At first everybody thought it was a flop and it was actually shelved for nearly eighteen months. It cost only about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, including the earlier failures, but it took in more money through the box offices than any picture ever made in proportion to its cost.



"Once a squirrel almost gnawed my leg off. I screamed to Jones, but he had the camera keep on grinding."



More from Mickey. "Mabel's waggish eyebrows and her quivering upper lip"—and such clothes!

"Sennett, Roy Aiken and his brother Harry, and Sol Lesser made millions out of it. The world rights were estimated at three hundred thousand dollars, and the estimators are still dazed to think how far wrong they were. For example, the man who had the state rights in Pennsylvania and Ohio cleaned up more than seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and the man who had Kentucky and Indiana made enough in Louisville to pay for the two states and then make three hundred thousand dollars profit.

"Mickey played to more repeat dates than any picture ever made, and to this day the industry prays for another picture like it. I don't know how many healthy fortunes all over America got a fine start from Mickey.

"It was toward the end of my work in Mickey that I decided I'd had enough of the Keystone Company. So I wired Samuel Goldwyn, whom I'd met at a dinner Fanny Ward gave, and he came from New York to Kansas City with his lawyers while I went there to meet him.

"We signed a five-year contract to commence at one thousand dollars and increase until I'd be getting four thousand dollars a week the fourth year, and after that I was to share in the profits of my pictures.

"I caught the next train to California and broke the news to Nappy. He went wild. But I was firm, and I told him good-by as soon as Mickey was cut and titled.

"Goldwyn's career in the movies deserves a long chapter. Briefly, his name was Samuel Goldfish and he sold gloves for a company in Gloversville, New York. With his brother-in-law, Jesse Lasky, he went into pictures, and his really unusual talents in the amusement world have taken him far.

"Before he hired me he had interested Arch and Edgar Selwyn in one of his companies, and he changed his name, using his own first syllable and Selwyn's last one, renaming himself Goldwyn.

"I went on to New York and took a big apartment on Seventy-first Street near West End Avenue, and my experiences in the East and in Culver City after Goldwyn brought his company out here were numerous, amusing, and sometimes unhappy."

AS Mabel Normand strolled through her lovely garden on Camden Drive, mobilizing her recollections of the four years she spent with Goldwyn's company, it occurred to me that a more coherent narrative might be obtained from Goldwyn himself.

Eager to assist, but saying he was too busy, Goldwyn sent me to Abraham Lehr, vice president and supervisor of productions. I found Mr. Lehr a calm, dispassionate critic of Mabel Normand's career, and her friend. Here is what he told me:

"I met Mabel soon after I joined Goldwyn's company in October, 1917. The production department brought me a bitter complaint that her first picture was exceeding the sum allotted to it, for the simple reason that she wouldn't come to work on time.

"Mabel had had a curious experience with us. She came East early in 1917 and was met by Sennett, Sam Rork, and Arthur Graham Butler, Sennett's lawyer. They convinced her that one thousand dollars a week was far too little for her to begin on. So she quarreled with Goldwyn and he kept her 'walking' for six months.

"Part of that time she lived with Raymond Hitchcock and his wife, Flora Zabelle, in Great Neck; and whenever Goldwyn called on her to tell her she was foolish to remain idle, she would borrow Hitchy's expensive car and show Goldwyn how prosperous she was.

"But Mabel was absolutely honest, and she eventually decided Goldwyn had signed her contract in good faith, and she came to work. There had been some sort of readjustment, and she was getting one thousand five hundred dollars a week when I came to the company as head of production and a sort of efficiency expert.

"I resolved to take disciplinary steps and let her know at once that I was going to be boss. But I knew little of Mabel and her ways.

"What a little devil she was! What a glorious, lovable, unmanageable minx! Every human being on our Fort Lee lot was her slave, conspiring to cover up her madcap

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Men want MATES not martyrs

Mrs. Martha Lang points a way to regain that precious companionship — through this modern method of eliminating home's most burdensome task.

GONE is the old-fashioned notion that successful wifehood meant drudgery. Modern husbands want *modern wives*. And just as they are accustomed to the most scientific methods in their work, so they like their homes to be run on a scientific basis. That is why old-fashioned washday is a thing of the past with eight million American families.

Mrs. Martha Lang, Consultant in Improved Methods at the American Institute of Laundering, has helped make it possible for you to obtain exactly the kind of washday service you require. When you send your clothes to the laundry nowadays, each step of the washing process is as gentle, as safe, as science can make it.

There is a present-day laundry in your community, ready to serve you. Mrs. Martha Lang urges you to "Let the Laundry Do It" this week and every week! Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.



MRS. MARTHA LANG, discussing improved laundry methods with research scientists of American Institute of Laundering, the industry's "proving ground"

Let the
LAUNDRY
do it!

hurried worried?

chew



for digestion!



WHEN you haven't eaten calmly, when home cares or business cares pile up—do something to help your digestion. Chew the delicious pepsin gum which Dr. Beeman perfected 30 years ago as the most pleasant of all digestive aids.

Today, Beeman's Pepsin Gum is the favorite of millions who chew gum to help their digestions. Its keen, fresh flavor, its satisfying smoothness, and its mellow quality will win you, too.

**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion**

[MADCAP MABEL NORMAND]
[Continued from page forty-seven]

traits, her incorrigible tardiness, and her amazing indifference to hours and routine and costs and system.

"She'd make a great entrance when she finally did show up, an hour or two late. My office opened on the hall she had to use to reach the sets, and here she would come parading past my door, her chauffeur carrying her wraps, her secretary with arms filled with books, and her maid laden with perfumes and bags of cookies and make-up material.

"**S**HE always stopped at my door, as if surprised that I was down before her. Then she would get a cookie, hold it aloft, come into my room, perch herself on my desk, and swing her beautiful legs as she explained that, knowing I liked that particular sort of cookie, she was late because she had waited for a certain baker to finish making it—though she never saw me eat a cookie in her life.

"One of her reasons for being late completely beat the stern note out of my scoldings. On the way from Seventy-first Street to the One Hundred and Thirtieth Street Hudson River ferry, she would pick up every staggering soldier going north. By the time she reached the ferry she'd have them jammed inside, on the running boards, on the hood, and even on the top.

"She knew they'd made a night of it and would be punished if they reached Camp Merritt, just beyond our Jersey studio, too late for roll call. These men worshiped her, and for a year or so afterward she'd show me souvenirs they sent her from France and the Rhine.

"Some of them had their insurance made out to her, having no kin of their own, and when they were killed she turned the money into the camp funds.

"We had countless battles, most of which ended in a total rout for me. She would chuck me under the chin, veil her great dark eyes, and look so innocent or repentant that I'd throw my hands up and walk away.

"I'd be even more furious when she tripped away from her victory toward the camera, singing some taunting song.

"I quickly found out what everybody in the industry knows—that she

was like Chaplin in one respect: they are the only two artists who truly deserve the use of that often misused word, genius. With this difference, that Chaplin's genius yields to his instincts, and we know that sooner or later his masterpiece will be ready for release. And, besides, it's his own money he's loitering on.

"With Mabel we never knew



Underwood & Underwood photo

Miss Normand, ready to slip into Long Island Sound at Raymond Hitchcock's estate.

whether she would show up at all! And she was no more capable of conforming to businesslike principles, than Michelangelo could turn out a Moses at command or learn to punch a clock.

"I used to glance at the books her retinue carried—Schopenhauer, Brander Matthews, François Coppée, Montaigne, Heywood Brown, Conrad, Baudelaire, Freud, and cheap magazines of working girls' confessions, atrocious French novels—for she had learned that language fluently—and all sorts of leaflets put out by socialists and Greenwich Village writers.

"**H**ER friends used to whisper information as to where they'd seen her the night before, hoping I could make her take better care of herself and do more work.

"When I taxed her with these nocturnal prowls, she would stop in the midst of the marvelous torrent of lies she was telling me, and stare at me as if I were a witch. She even accused me of having private detectives trail her.

"On my first birthday with the company she made me a present of a

magnificent wrist watch. A little note accompanied it:

"DEAR MR. LEER: Wishing you many returns of the day. And now, damn you, you and your dicks can tell just what time I come in. Love. MABEL.

"You'll notice on the note, which I've kept all these years, that she spells my name wrong. Well, she wrote me hundreds of notes while she was with us and never once spelled it right. Just one of her whims. And here is a splendid photograph she gave me on which she wrote:

"To my friend, Mr. Lerr:

"Roses are red, violets are blue;
Whenever I'm late I think of you.

"Goldwyn was also her slave and refused to help me keep her in line. How she stormed around my office the day she discovered that for Miss Geraldine Farrar we had fixed up pleated silk panels in her dressing room. Not that Mabel cared whether she had pleated silk panels, but she didn't want Geraldine to put one over on her.

"She defeated me again when I decided Victor Schertzinger had directed enough of her pictures. Victor played the piano like an angel and so did Mabel, and they lost lots of valuable time on the set singing French songs. So I told him he was to direct some male star and another man would direct Mabel's next film.

"She burst into my room a few minutes later, raving and pleading and swearing fearful oaths that she would drop dead on the spot if Victor didn't work in her pictures. But I noticed that when she took these famous oaths she always moved an inch or two off the spot before she finished the sentence!

"When I was firm, she burst into tears and offered to buy me a fine new car. I told her I was afraid to take it because Mary Garden or Maxine Elliott might hear about it and decide they, too, could bribe me to cater to their temperaments.

"Then she swung out of my office and ran weeping to her dressing room. I followed, to reason with her, but she grabbed her perfume atomizer, backed me into a corner, and squirted it all over me, remarking as she tossed the empty container aside, 'Now, you beastly tyrant, take that smell home to your wife and see how you like it!'

"My wife, one of the best friends Mabel ever had, laughed when I told her about it and counseled me to let her keep Schertzinger.

"AFTER we came out to Culver City we had a dreadful time with Mabel's finances. I've never seen a man or woman less mercenary than she, or more indifferent to the value of money, or one who gave away more to poor people around the studios of California.

"One year Goldwyn flatly refused to give her all her salary, taking out one thousand dollars a week and buying fifty-two Liberty bonds for her.

"After we'd been here a year or so we decided to change our account from one bank to another. Our auditor was puzzled because the bank insisted we had sixty-six thousand dollars more than our books showed.

"We finally traced it down and discovered that Mabel had failed to cash eleven checks of four thousand dollars each, and Will Rogers had not deposited twenty-two thousand dollars we paid him. I sent for Mabel and she said the checks were in her safety deposit box at the bank. I told her she ought to have it earning four per cent, and she answered:

"'Oh, Abe, you would worry about interest. Well, I've got a date for every night this week, and you work me so hard I can't get to the bank in the daytime. I'll fix it up next week, old pumpkin head.'

"When the first influenza epidemic closed so many theaters and we were having hard sledding financially, Mabel strolled into Goldwyn's office one day and threw a bundle down on his desk.

"'There you are, Sammy, my love,' she said. 'If that'll tide you over a bit, help yourself. And you needn't pay me any salary till things pick up; and I'll work harder than ever for you.'

"The bundle contained the fifty-two Liberty bonds and a lot of deeds to real estate she had bought. Fortu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH
ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE



To enjoy
good tobacco
smoke it in a pipe

WE make no pipes, so we have no axe to grind in advising the beginner in pipe smoking to get a good pipe. Get one that's not varnished inside the bowl. You want to smoke tobacco, not varnish. It's worth spending a little more—for the friendship of a good pipe and a good man often lasts many years.

There are years of pleasure in a good pipe. And there are many hours of solid smoking comfort in a can of good old Edgeworth tobacco. Smoke the Edgeworth right. Let a good pipe tell you the full and savory truth about this fragrant old burley. See what genuine satisfaction there can be in smoking a pipe. If you already have a pipe you like, see if you don't like it still better with Edgeworth glowing in the bowl. See if you don't agree with what so many smokers say—that Edgeworth makes any pipe a better pipe.

You'll find your can of Edgeworth waiting for you almost anywhere—wherever good tobacco is sold. You can get it for 15¢ or, if you like, invest in a pound humidor. Or if you'd rather try it before you buy, just send the coupon. The postman will bring you a generous, let's-get-acquainted packet of genuine Edgeworth, free.

EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO

Tune in on WRVA,
the Edgeworth Radio
Station.

Dixie Spiritual Singers
every Monday eve-
ning, 10:30 to 11, East-
ern Standard Time.

Edgeworth is a combination of good tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.



LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.
I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe.

My name _____

My street address _____

And town and state _____

Now let the Edgeworth come!

B-40

Smart in any WEATHER



Brighton — Swagger mannish lines in smooth finish, jersey or tweed fabrics.

FOR ANY
OCCASION



RAIN
PROOF

The coats bought by millions of women with an eye for style and respect for their pocketbook. A smart Badger-Tex coat wears so long—and costs so little—that every woman may have one. For the price of one ordinary coat the whole family can be Badger-Tex outfitted. Most stores have them. If your dealer hasn't, write Badger Raincoat Company, Port Washington, Wis.

Look for this label when you buy a raincoat for men, women and children.

Badger-Tex

MAPLEINE Mocha Frosting

Try this on
your next cake

SIFT one cup of sugar, then cream with three tablespoonfuls of butter and two teaspoonfuls of cocoa. Add half-teaspoonful of Mapleine and two tablespoonfuls of strong coffee, the latter gradually until the proper consistency for spreading is reached.

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[MADCAP MABEL NORMAND]
[Continued from page forty-nine]

nately, Goldwyn didn't have to borrow them.

"We had some rare characters in this concern. Among the people we employed, often at staggering prices, were Will Rogers, Tom Moore, Mae Marsh, Maxine Elliott, Madge Kennedy, Jane Cowl, Mary Garden, Hamilton Revelle, Pauline Frederick, Marie Doro, Frank McIntyre, Jack Pickford, John Barrymore, Lou Telle-gen, and many others.

"Not one of them was as valuable then to us as Mabel, whose pictures cost less and brought in more money than anybody's at that time. Why, we didn't even have to buy great pictures for her; her personality made any picture a success with the booking agents even before it was started!

"Mabel used to have lots of fun with Polly Frederick. They were close friends; but Polly had to have an orchestra sobbing out somber, grand music which she regarded as appropriate for her great dramatic moments.

"Mabel would be on the next set, and when she knew Polly was going through some emotional scene and was keyed to a feverish pitch, she would have her own orchestra break out in some mad syncopation that would drive Miss Frederick wild and make her have to do her scene all over.

"IN Mabel's first picture for us, Joan of Plattsburg, a war film, there was a goose. It was a savage brute and they used to tease it just before Mabel came on so it would be sure to bite her.

"George Loane Tucker was directing, and with his assistant, Don O'Brien, was on the roof of a little shed fixing up the set. They lifted the goose up there and it bit one of them on the nose. Both fell off the shed.

"When Mabel got up there to do her stunt, she leaned over and the goose bit her wickedly in the nearest part of her anatomy. She shrieked and they fell to the ground, a wild tangle of skirts and wings and comédienne and goose. She landed on top and knocked it senseless. Then she leaped to her feet, grabbed it by the neck, stormed furiously into my office, and hurled it on my desk.

"There's your damned man-eating duck!' she cried. 'I'm through being three meals a day for him. Make him your own little playmate if you think so much of him.'

"Mabel had the time of her life

when Goldwyn conceived the fine publicity idea, but costly experiment, of the Eminent Authors. He gathered them from all over the world, signed them to contracts, and brought them out to Hollywood to write great stories for the screen.

"The trouble with writers who come to the films is twofold: either they try to write down to us, to what they contemptuously regard as a moron industry; or they try to elevate us to their standard—though just what that standard is, few except themselves could explain.

"FEW of them made good in the silent films without the help of trained, practical scenario writers. This was true even of the most skilled craftsmen with the pen. Among them were Gertrude Atherton, Booth Tarkington, Basil King, Rex Beach, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Leroy Scott, Gouverneur Morris, Rupert Hughes, Alice Duer Miller, Montague Glass,

and Maurice Maeterlinck. We had quite a time with the latter, a Belgian.

"After he had been with us three months, the editorial department sent up to me the three things he had written and I had to send for him through his manager, a chap named Russell. Russell was horrified when I told him to bring Maeterlinck to the office.

"'Why, Mr. Lehr!' he gasped. 'Do you mean you expect The Master to come all the way down here to see you?'

"I told him I meant just that, and to snap into it. He went away, and Mabel, who had been standing in the hall during this dialogue, came in. She threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"'Abraham, you're a duck!' she said. 'That's what that high-hat mob's been needing. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to get a chair and stand in the hall and peek over the transom while you lay The Master out. The firm hand now, you old iceberg. Don't weaken, Abie, for little Mabel's with you.'

"Presently Maeterlinck and his young wife and Russell and his wife were in my office. I asked The Master if he objected while I commented on his three plays, Russell translating my remarks into French and Mabel's saucy dark eyes dancing at me through the transom. Maeterlinck said to go ahead, so I went:

"Well, you've written about a young boy who gets a fine family rearing, and then when he's about old enough to vote goes out and gets drunk. The next day, while he's re-



Miss Normand before her bungalow dressing room. The flowers were planted by admiring studio aids.

covering, he feels so ashamed that in a dream he sees all his ancestors pointing their fingers at him and shaking their heads.

"Now, Mr. Maeterlinck, that might be a great idea for something; I don't know what. I do know it won't make a picture. Our young men in America haven't had enough ancestors to have that part of the story make much sense. And that seems to be about all I find in Script Number One.

"Your second play tells of a young boy hunting for happiness. He makes rather a nuisance of himself in a sissy sort of way, but finally he finds it. He isn't selfish with it. He wants to share it with his family. So he takes a blue bird, which is what brought him happiness, pulls a few feathers out of its breast, and blows



Joan of Plattsburg,
with her shield.

them under the closed door into the next room where his family's seated, waiting for him to be happy.

"And that seems to be about all I find in your second offering. I think happiness is fine, and I'm perfectly willing for everybody to get all of it they can. But I'm afraid our Sauk Center, Michigan, and Cairo, Illinois, film fans would find it a bit complicated to understand how a couple of feathers blown across a door jamb are going to give people in the next room a lot of ecstasy—"

"THERE was a crash in the hall outside and a wild strangling sound of smothered laughter. The Master started up, but I lifted my hand and assured him it was merely a prop boy dropping a ladder. Then I wiggled my fingers around the corner of my desk to tell Mabel, who had climbed back up, to behave herself or go away.

"And your third story," I went on, addressing the sad face of The Master, "your third play is a western. Now, with all proper obeisance to your genius and standing in the world of letters, I'm going to be crude enough to suggest that if there is one thing on earth you, a Belgian dramatist and essayist, cannot do, it is to write a cowboy story.

"And that seems to represent your labors during the last three months. Will you be good enough to

inform me if you'll write something we can use?"

"He looked unhappily at me and answered: 'If those themes are unsuitable, can you give me an idea of what you want?'

"We had explained everything to him before he even left New York, but apparently it was all wasted. I was in despair, for he had certainly been an expensive guest, having a furnished house, automobiles, servants, and all other expenses. But I went on, hoping to save a few dimes out of the fortune he had cost us.

"HOW about a story with some love in it?' I suggested cynically.

"But you don't want a story about real love!" he exclaimed.

"What do you mean, we don't want real love?"

"Why, there can be no real love without adultery, and Americans don't understand that in the way I want to write about it."

"There was another crash outside the door, and Mabel sank again. Well, I gave Maeterlinck a final order on the cashier and waved him out, and that was the last of The Master in the movies. After they'd stalked away, Mabel came in.

"Abe, you're a darling!" she cried, perching herself on my desk. "But I'm afraid you're merely a sordid commercial soul. No art in your heart, duckie! Why, I think you can make wonderful pictures with a boy blowing feathers under a door. And don't forget his Life of the Bee."

"She went away, shaking her head in mock pity for my lack of culture, and grumbling that the money The Master had cost us would prevent her from getting a raise for six months.

"Mabel made eighteen pictures for us. And then we quarreled and she returned to Mack Sennett—and the scandal of William Desmond Taylor's strange murder. I'll tell you the names of these pictures and the reason she left us."

The web of circumstance that entangled Miss Normand's name in the Taylor murder mystery is described in next week's installment of this biography.

Singing Shave



© A. S. R. C., 1930



"Mother, why is father singing so early in the morning?" . . . "He has discovered Ever-

Ready Blades, son—and joined the Singing Shavers" . . . Be a Singing Shaver. Ever-Ready's keen edge will add speed to your shave, comfort to your face, sweetness to your disposition. Each blade gives many more shaves. Buy Ever-Ready Blades today.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.
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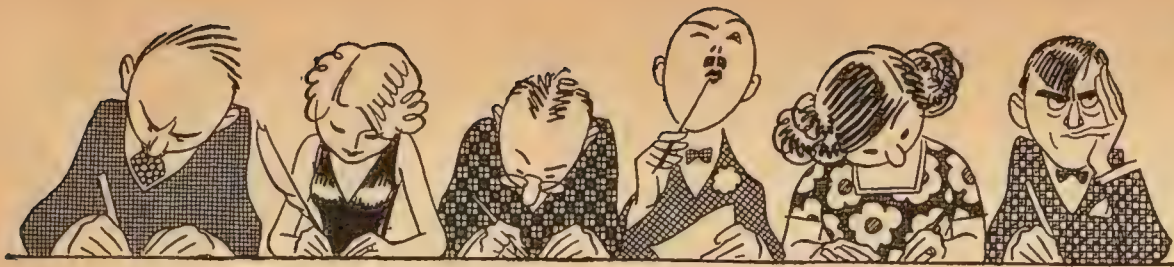
Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

- 1—Chicago.
- 2—George M. Cohan.
- 3—Cormorant.
- 4—Ten thousand dollars.
- 5—Mount Olympus.
- 6—They are the names of teeth.
- 7—With a crook or bend; with the hand on the hip and the elbow turned outward.
- 8—Ultra-violet rays.
- 9—The bestowing of public offices as rewards for political assistance.
- 10—The former hears evidence and brings indictments; the latter is a trial jury.

- 11—An encampment for a very brief sojourn under improvised shelter or none.
- 12—Face to face; opposite.
- 13—The science which treats of diseases of women.
- 14—Charles the Great, or Charles I, Emperor of the West (800-14) and king of the Franks (768-814).
- 15—Kansas.
- 16—Fourteen.
- 17—Owen J. Roberts.
- 18—Japan.
- 19—Buenos Aires.
- 20—Johann Sebastian Bach.

Ever-Ready BLADES





Vox

Now We're All Mixed

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I examined very carefully the editorial, articles, fiction, cartoons, etc., of one of your recent numbers, and found nothing particularly wrong, so I knew it must be in the advertisements. One ad reads: "Over 5,000,000 read Liberty each week. They wash their hands three times a day on the average."

You'll have to change that. My boy



has started reading Liberty, and if you're going to figure him in it'll cut down that washing average considerable, so watch that, please.—A *Mizzourian*.

Why Miss Martin's Ears Are Burning

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—This community has been very much incensed over an article that came out in your magazine over the signature of Miss Nida Martin, a former employee of the Arizona Republican.

We have gone into this matter quite thoroughly and have learned from a definite source that the author of the story has not been in the employ of the Arizona Republican for two months and was with them only temporarily.

I would like to state to you that Phoenix is one of the cleanest and most modern cities in the country.

Efforts are being made throughout the nation, by communism, to destroy our faith in government, and in the past few years the church itself has been held up to ridicule by certain individuals and organizations. If America is to lose faith in its women, its religion, and its government, it looks as if the hard work of men like Floyd Gibbons and many others has been wasted, and surely your magazine, in the forefront of the fight against the Red menace, will not be a party to tearing down the faith of America in its womanhood.—H. B. Watkins, General Manager, Phoenix Chamber of Commerce.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Please do not pay any attention to the storm of protest that is coming to you from Phoenix against the article about conditions in Phoenix by Nida Martin, formerly society editor of the Republican. Miss Mar-

tin, while only a short time in Phoenix, certainly sized up the situation properly. Conditions, however, are no worse in Phoenix than they are in other cities throughout the United States among the younger folks.

The automobile, synthetic gin, and the hip-pocket flask are largely responsible.

These people that are making the protest against this article simply do not know the conditions. How would they know?—A *Summer Bachelor*, in Arizona Since 1915.

TUCSON, ARIZ.—I think the Arizona Republican is right in trying to make Liberty print an apology for such a slanderous article like Miss Martin's. She is not saying much for herself when she says that a very small percentage of virgins ever reach the altar.—A. S. G.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Don't take all this too seriously. Arizona is a wonderful and beautiful state, and it has some of the finest people in the world; on the other hand, it has to face facts.

Let your daughter walk the streets of Phoenix after nine o'clock at night unaccompanied and see what happens. Righteous wrath will not change the facts.

Give them statistics; maybe it will help to clean up a few ugly truths.

Obviously, this must be anonymous as to name. I've got to live here, and wish to do it peacefully.

In fact, I'm sold on the state, and would like to see its morality improved.—*Fair Play*.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Three of the female editors who discussed "The Amateur Competition" in your August 23 issue saw modern youth in its true light.

But as for Nida Martin—I'm not a goody-goody fellow and my friends aren't angels, but I, for one, resent Miss Martin's implications.—*Plenty Indignant*.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Preferring to remain anonymous for obvious reasons, I take Liberty this week and draw therefrom huge amounts of hearty delight in the statements of Miss Nida Martin.

Poor gal, she'll catch hell for the rest of the years of her life, if any. She made the mistake we are all prone to make when we generalize.

But I will give Miss Martin credit for exposing a vicious situation.—*Skolios Mukter*.

P. S.—The old town is boiling today. We bachelors are reveling in the suspicious eyes cast hubbyward by Phoenix wives.

For Mr. Carroll

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have enjoyed the pleasure of reading Richard Carroll's story—"Join the Navy and See the World"—in the August 23 issue of Liberty.

Please permit me, as one of the civilian executive heads of the Navy Department, to congratulate him on this story. It is instructive, interestingly written, and reflects much credit to the first-line defense of the United States.—Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Slight Complaint from Arkansas

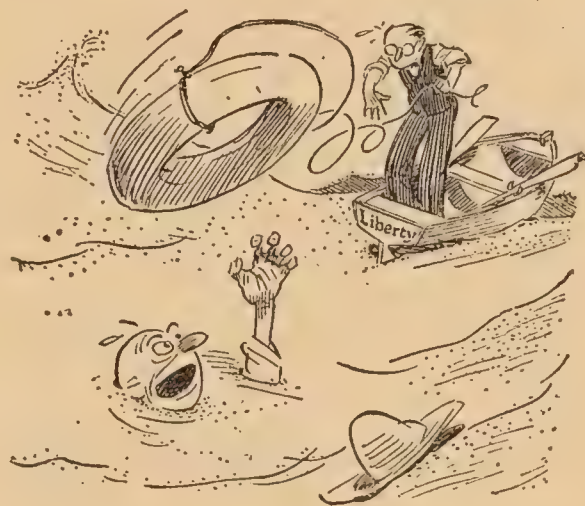
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—In the August 23 issue of Liberty you published a very good story by Rita Weiman, entitled "Walled City." In this story Miss Weiman referred to our state as a wilderness, and as being away from civilization.

I would like to inquire just how many years Miss Weiman has spent in Arkansas, if this is her impression of it.

We are quite callous to taunts about our "backwoods" territories, but we would like to suggest that we are improving steadily, and such references as this get our backs up.—An *Arkansan (And How!)*.

But Nobody Does Anything About It

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Once again Liberty rings the bell hard with an editorial. I am referring to "The Farm Problem Again," in which you repeat your idea that the cure for agricultural overproduction is for us to throw our



surplus farmland out of commission, pay the farmers for it, and put it to some other use.

If the government had done this, instead of going and buying wheat, I'm sure we would be better off.

The fact is that the farmer is drowning in a sea of wheat, and the boat in which Liberty's editor is trying to save him is less leaky than most of the agricultural lifeboats which have been launched thus far.—J. Martin.

Pop

Heh, heh. How Indeed?

QUINCY, ILL.—I've read Liberty ever since it came out, and, looking over Vox Pop each week, I find that some people don't appreciate good stories. Always criticizing something that couldn't be improved.

And here's to those who are always kicking about Leslie Thrasher's pictures of Ulysses in the "For the Love o' Lil" series. Anyone who would complain of Mr. Thrasher's paintings would give his



grandmother a football for Christmas and insist that she must get out in a vacant lot and kick it.

Mr. Thrasher's knockers must be old bachelors or old maids who hate children. All in all they would have to go to heaven to find a better magazine. And how could such people get to heaven?—*Danny Milgrim.*

"The Elder Days of Art"

SAN JACINTO, CALIF.—With interest I have been reading the letters re the "Heist Guy." Personally I found the story very interesting and with more authentic atmosphere than any I have read before.

Some of the slang is used a bit different than in "the elder days of art." For example, "glom" used to mean to take or grab quickly: "Quick, glom that rod!" "Gander" was to look: "Take a gander at the guy with the black keester." "Keester" was a suitcase, grip, or money (payroll) satchel.

Other words not found in the newer gang talk are "screw," meaning a key as well as a jailer. "Clout" meant to shut or lock, "slought" meant a door, "stash" meant to hide: "Clout the slought and stash the screw."

The old-timers talked a hog Latin which was the lingo proper. Of course some folks called all crook talk lingo. I understand it has gone out of late years, as the dicks, after so long a time, got on to it. It is a fact that reformed yeggs who became dicks—and quite a few did change their racket—through their knowledge of the lingo got many a hot tip.

This Latin was not so easy. Just try



this on your tuba: "Aketa na anderga, ipeda etha ickda, icksna ackenkra." (Take a gander, pipe the dick, nix crack-ing.) To crack meant to tip yourself off—either on purpose or by accident.

"Snitch" meant to steal as well as to "stool-pigeon": "That broad can snitch your block, and you with your glims on her." ("Block" has always meant watch as well as head.)

A "jerver" is a shoplifter. A "plant," in confidence slang, was usually a pretty woman used as a come-on to get the live guy.

Some of the old-timers will remember when the Italians of the good old U. S. A. were "taken" for a couple of millions to buy a new crown for the Pope. The plants were dressed as nuns. New Orleans was headquarters for that drive.—*M. E.*

And on This Letter?

CHICAGO, ILL.—If "News of the World" is supposed to be funny, you ought to have a note at the top:

"Please laugh after reading."—*Harry Van Door.*

Well, There Are a Number of Reasons

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I wish there could be an encore for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Last Resource."

There's not an honest American citizen living who hasn't thought of the same cure for our crime condition as Sir Arthur pointed out.

The time has come when the Vigilantes should rise again—why do they wait?—*E. Vaughn.*

The Weigh of Beauty

DENISON, TEX.—Just read "The Line of Beauty," by Fred MacIsaac. Well, I'm ashamed of Mac. Just to think he's lived this long and is just learning to appreciate those avoirdupois mamas.

I learned when I was a baby that those Big Berthas had big, soft laps that made life like sleeping on the clouds. And now that I'm a grown man I set my new mamas on the scales. If they weigh under 150 I knock 'em off. If over that, I coax 'em off. My latest find is a 226-pound dimple that's built like an overstuffed divan.

I don't know yet whether to lead her to the altar or bring the altar to her, but if Mr. Mac is as firm in his convictions as I am in mine he will join me in a crusade for bigger and better women.—*Texas Slim.*

These Georgia Wise Crackers!

ATLANTA, GA.—If anyone went to hell, he would probably find the devil sittin' on his throne, reading Liberty.

'At's where he gets his ideas.—*Bill Dolive.*

You Must Be More Strong-Minded, Fred. Learn to Do Without

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I do not care for your magazine. It is a habit-forming menace. Few weeks ago, vacationing among the White Mountains, in this state, I found myself growing restless and uneasy along about Friday. Some vague desire possessed my soul. What was it? Ah!! It was Liberty day, and the nearest news stand ninety miles away, at Holbrook!

"Forget it," I said to myself. But did I? No. I cranked up the old car and drove ninety miles, only to find the supply in the stores exhausted. Bribed a reader to sell me his and drove ninety miles back to camp. A one-hundred-and-eighty-mile drive just for the sake of Liberty. No, sir, I do not care at all for your magazine.—*Fred Stuart.*

Yeh? G'by

CLARION, PA.—Just accept and print another one from Robert Benchley as bum as "Fall In," and you and I will fall out.—*J. M. L.*

How Long Will We Have to Wait?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Say, Mr. Editor, can'tcha give Russia's noble experiment a chance to work itself out? You said some pretty mean things in your editorial, "Dealing With Russia."

Just answer me this: Was Rome built in a day? Was it? You know it wasn't. Neither can Soviet Russia be built in a few years.—*Lover of Fair Play.*

Dear, Dear

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Of course I have no serious objection to your magazine, because it stands ace-high with me, and seemingly with many others. Nevertheless, it has caused a condition that should be remedied. The condition is simply this. Liberty bugs persist in



bringing Liberty to these Tom Thumb golf courses to read between holes, and very much between holes.

Let me give you a true instance. Just recently I saw a portly gentleman, who may have been a little lit, so absorbed in one of your short short stories that, first thing we knew, he was lying sprawled out on one of the fairways, in perfect contentment, causing more than a mental hazard.—*Leo L. Duncan.*

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

\$100 Each Week for the Best Question

\$100 Each Week for the Best Answer

THOMAS A. EDISON certainly started something with the "problems-of-conduct" questions which he asked in his recent examination to find the brightest boy in the United States. Among other things, these hypothetical questions of his have set people to thinking up problems of their own.

That seems a good idea. Let's make a game of it. Beginning this week, Liberty invites its readers to help invent some of these questions and answer them.

For this first week we furnish the question ourselves. For the best answer to this we will pay \$100.

At the same time we are offering \$100 each for the best questions suggested by readers of Liberty. As soon as we can get these questions from readers, we will use them instead of our own.

And as they appear we will offer \$100 each for the best answers.

That makes *two* ways to play the game and win some money—\$100 each week for the best question suggested, and \$100 each week for the best answer.

Here Is the First Question

What would you do if

You had a ten-year-old boy, healthy, bright, and good, whom you dearly loved, and you suddenly discovered that he had been substituted at birth for your real son who was being raised by poorer but fine people who loved him devotedly? He is as bright and good as the child you have known as your own but not quite as strong. To raise him with your foster son would not be possible. The other parents would have to be told the truth, in which case an exchange would be the only arrangement to which they would consent. They might refuse to exchange even if you told them, with a resulting lawsuit leading to newspaper notoriety for the children as well as their parents.

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, September 27. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

Now Read the Rules

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published \$100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answer which, in the judgment of the editors, is the best submitted each week, \$100 will be paid, and the prize-winning solutions will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be *brief*. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000

words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, Liberty Weekly, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. **WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.**





THERE has been a howl all over the country on how these courses are taking business.

A Little Story about a Gigantic Dwarf

(Reading time: 11 min. 35 sec.)

EVEN a cynic will get a laugh out of this yarn, for in the last paragraph is an amusing commentary on human nature which proves, in a somewhat startling way, the adage that we are all brothers under the skin, whether that hide is white, black, yellow, red, or brown.

There's nothing new about pygmy golf courses, except two things: first, the swiftness with which the vogue for installing and playing them has swept the country (thus justifying this story); and, second, the legal barriers that had to be hurdled before the tantalizing obstacles to successful putting could be built.

By **ANGUS MCNEILL**

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

Bob MacDonald, a famous golfer and instructor, years ago put in a tiny putting course for his pupils in a building in Chicago. Chester

Horton, another Chicago teacher, also furnished his students with a baby course in the basement of a Loop building.

There were, perhaps, half a dozen other indoor courses here and there, but as money-makers none of them was successful, because the putting surface was either a carpet or hard-packed sand or some other unsatisfactory material. The idea was simply a curious toy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IN a few years this country is going to have the darnedest crop of putters the world has seen.



[A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A GIGANTIC DWARF]

Continued from page fifty-five

which, played once or twice, had little or no comeback appeal.

We are a funny people, we Americans: we delight to shower gold and honors on somebody who does something that entertains us, just as we like to tear down our idols when they have ceased to hold our interest. To wit: Amos 'n' Andy and Admiral George Dewey!

Just now we are lavish in our generosity to two young men, still in their twenties, because they have provided us with a new plaything. This is the story of miniature golf.

John N. Ledbetter was born in Michigan City, Indiana, in 1902. He is the son of a well known surgeon, now retired. John went from the local high school to Milford Prep and from there to Yale, graduating with the class of '24. He returned to Michigan City, after marrying a New York City girl, and went into the real estate business. In 1925 he joined a realty firm in New York. He now lives in Scarsdale, New York, with his wife and three-year-old son.

From his teens, Ledbetter was a splendid amateur golfer, his scores ranging from the mid-seventies to the low eighties.

Drake Delanoy was born in New York City in 1903. His father is head of a large insurance company and the family resides in Manhattan. Delanoy went to the famous Taft School in Connecticut, but didn't finish. He has been married four years and is the father of a son, one year old.

He, like Ledbetter, was in the real estate business, and he also has been a crack golfer.

LEDBETTER and Delanoy met on a golf course in the autumn of 1925. A couple of youngsters whose interests and avocations paralleled—realty, domesticity, golf, country club activities—they became devoted friends. And they also used up a lot of time, that might have been more profitably spent selling real estate, in playing on a little indoor course in a New York City building.

This course was built of clay and was pretty primitive. The young men putted and pattered about day after day—instead of chasing realty prospects! They agreed that the pygmy course wasn't so hot, but they noticed that other idlers came back rather frequently to gambol and gamble on the narrow clay fairways.

"Well," quoth the youthful pair—then and there giving birth to an idea that was to make them wealthy—"Well, if these babies keep coming back for more, why shouldn't we pool our bank rolls and furnish 'em with a

course to amuse themselves on and at the same time give us a profit?"

Ledbetter and Delanoy built their first course on the top of a skyscraper at 217 Broadway, the site of the old Astor House. Delanoy laid it out, eighteen holes of sand traps and packed-clay fairways and putting grounds. This was in the spring of 1926. The two associates carried the materials in bags to the roof, because they couldn't afford to hire laborers.

When the course was ready, they sent out leaflets to friends and others selected at random from the directories of buildings near by. A pair of men killed part of their luncheon hour by dropping in; they told their friends; and presently the partners were encouraged by the interest they had awakened.

BUT they ran into some hard luck. Every night they'd sit around counting the half-dollars they had taken in. And every morning when they opened up for business they found that the wind had blown most of their sand and profits away; or the rain had leveled out the tiny bunkers—and their bank rolls. So they would carry up more sacks of sand and clay and rebuild their course.

But, even so, the wind and the rain couldn't erase all the profits, and though they realized that a great deal was lacking to make their links altogether a pleasure to play on, they built a couple of outdoor courses, one in Columbia Park and another in Dreamland Park, both in New Jersey. These also were sand and clay, and they, too, presented the same objections as the skyscraper course:

First—Putting on sand was fun, but it harmed rather than helped the golfer when he returned to the turf greens of his country club.

Second—Playing on sand and clay was dirty: shoes and trouser cuffs and hands and shirt sleeves became soiled.

Third—Wind and rain often wrecked the midget courses.

Ledbetter and Delanoy began to experiment, stanchly convinced that there was a future for this dwarf pastime. They tried everything: carpet, sawdust, ground hair, hog bristles, feathers, artificial grass, rubber.

They tested this and that for months. They would try one material on the first hole, another on the second, and something else on the third, and so on. This cost money, and though the families of both lads had plenty, the experimenters declined to go outside their own resources for funds. But nothing was altogether satisfactory—the putter couldn't get the turf feel; nothing was just right from the standpoint of spongy and enduring qualities. Natural grass, of course, was hopeless, since no grass on earth could stand the tramping and scuffling.

One day somebody—and the partners say they can't recall who suggested it, since everybody was always suggesting something—asked them if they had tried cottonseed hulls. They hadn't, because they had never heard there was such a thing, much less seen any.

Cotton, however, grew in the south and there must be some connection between cotton and cottonseed! So they wrote to the chambers of commerce of a number of southern cities. Eventually, some cottonseed-oil crushing plant sent them a bucketful of the hulls.

The partners were disappointed when they examined the material for their new experiment. Spread out, the crushed hulls were lumpy and oily and unsightly, a drab brown. But they persevered in their tests, and finally tried to dye the hulls a grass green. By this time they had found that by certain pressing and packing the hulls could be made to serve as a putting surface and that the little divots could be replaced merely by pressing down with the sole of the foot.

It took them a long time to fix on a dye, because at first the colors would come off on golf balls and shoes and clothes. The partners also were trying countless materials to serve as a binder. Luck was with them, for when they discovered the green dye that was satisfactory they were elated to find that it also acted as a binder.

SO they built their second indoor course, at 74 Trinity Place, and it went over big! They built another at 60 Broad Street, in the heart of the financial district where magnates and business giants and brokers could conduct the business affairs of the richest and bravest and greatest nation on earth while spending hours trying to sink a putt.

They continued to charge fifty cents, and the profits began to pile up, for the upkeep was negligible. So they built another interior links, and another and another. Presently somebody came along and wanted to buy a course, so they sold him one; and then sold another and another, both indoors and out.

In March, 1927, Ledbetter and Delanoy formed a company, with the stock closely held, and went into business. Everybody was happy, everybody was making money, and the cottonseed hulls were coming north by the carload.

But there was a catch in it! Suddenly the new company—the Miniature Golf Courses of America, Incorporated—and everyone who had bought one of its courses got a letter from Robert McCart, Jr., of El Paso, Texas. This letter, in stern legal phraseology, warned each owner and the manufacturers that they were infringing on U. S. Patent 1559520,

issued in 1922 to McCart and covering any putting green constructed of a vegetable fiber! The letter stated that cottonseed hulls had been used on one or two courses in Texas.

McCart went to New York City and met the bewildered partners. After considerable negotiating a contract was made whereby the Miniature firm was to have the exclusive right to manufacture courses in the United States under the McCart patent, and the patentee was to be paid a royalty on every course so built.



Photo Keystone
John N. Ledbetter

THE company immediately began to advertise extensively, citing its patent rights, and business gradually increased. Nobody, however, least of all Ledbetter and Delanoy, had the faintest premonition of the potential magnitude of the business. Everybody was making a nice profit, but it still seemed a toy to them all. A few state agencies were let and a few additional courses, indoors and out, were built.

The next big step in the thing came in October, 1929, when Garnet Carter walked into the company's New York City offices. A hotel owner in Chattanooga, Tennessee, he was sure that a little course would help his hotel business, and he also wanted to build a course or two in Florida to catch what profits he might from the horde of northern tourists. Also, he had an idea that real obstacles on the little fairways would add to the player's perplexities and enjoyment. They talked it over, and a patent covering certain types and designs of obstacles was applied for.

Carter then signed a contract with Ledbetter and Delanoy to make and install miniature courses throughout the south and call them Tom Thumb courses. He went on to Florida and built the first one at Miami. By Christmas he had built nearly four hundred throughout the state—and all of them were coining money night and day!

Among the northern tourists who played the dwarf links were two men, W. S. Townsend of Rochester, Pennsylvania, and Joshua P. Young of Chicago, the former president of the National Pipe Products Corporation, and the latter, once an All-American tackle on the Cornell football team, a middle western business man.

These two examined the new pastime and watched the putters thronging the courses. They went to New York City in February, 1930, signed a contract to manufacture and install the courses throughout the north.

As a consequence of several conferences three other firms were formed: the Fairyland Manufacturing Company in Chattanooga, the Fairyland

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



This net catches dirt... it's the network of your pores!

Your face is a network of pores...
a net that traps the dirt.

Not surface dirt—but *pore dirt* that is deep down, irritating your skin, forming blackheads and skin eruptions, giving your face an oily look.

Here's proof that you can't reach and remove this dirt with an ordinary washing:—

Wash your face in your usual way...wash it again. Now rub in some Pompeian Massage Cream—around the nose—the chin—across the forehead.

It massages into your supposedly clean pores as a pink cream—it rolls out *gray...* dingy with pore dirt. But now your face is clean! The fog is lifted...your skin is aglow with healthy color.

Give yourself a Pompeian Massage regularly or get one in any first-class barber shop after your shave. Pompeian Massage Cream is only 60c a jar at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM



The Pompeian Company, Incorporated, New York, Elmira, New York and Toronto, Canada.... (Sales Offices: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th St., N. Y. and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Canada)

Science Discovers LIQUID that has no color ..yet..



WILL the wonders of science never cease! Now a scientist has discovered a colorless liquid that actually imparts color to Gray Hair no matter what your age—no matter how Gray your hair—no matter what else you might have used without satisfaction. Already hundreds of thousands of people have used this amazing discovery. It is called Kolor-Bak and is as simple to use as A.B.C. You merely comb it into your hair and the color comes—the Gray disappears so gradually, so perfectly, that no one detects it. Another strange thing about this colorless liquid is that the one very same bottle will do for Blonde, Black, Brown or Auburn. Now you don't need to experiment with uncertain, messy, sticky preparations that may endanger your hair. Kolor-Bak, the clean, colorless liquid, leaves the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded any time you request.

KOLOR-BAK

Imparts Color to Gray Hair!

Chile!

Try a Can of ~

WALKER'S
Genuine Texas Chile

★ **It's Deliciously Different!**

"From Mexico" come the chief ingredients that make the zestful piquancy of Walker's, "Red Hot" Chile and other Mexican Foods. Packed in Government-Inspected Plants. A can is a meal for two. At your Grocer's.

Free Recipes. For different Seasoning and preparation of all Mexican Dishes, send for Free Booklet.

WALKER PROPERTIES ASSOCIATION
Dept. L. Austin, Texas

ALSO
TAMALES
BEANS
and
MEXENE
CHILE
POWDER
SEASONING

"Just Heat and Serve"

[A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A GIGANTIC DWARF]

[Continued from page fifty-seven]

Manufacturing Company in Los Angeles, and the International Tom Thumb, Incorporated, the original partners and Young controlling the latter, which sells rights throughout the world.

In the late summer of 1930, rights had been sold in England, France, Germany, Australia, China, Cuba, and other countries, all paying a royalty to Ledbetter and Delanoy who, in turn, paid a royalty to Mr. McCart in El Paso, Texas.

THE Fox moving-picture interests have signed a contract and will build hundreds of indoor courses all over the country, in theaters they own which are now dark, or upstairs over theaters where they are showing pictures. The Warner firm is negotiating a similar contract. There has been a howl all over the country about how these courses are taking business from other amusement enterprises. Meanwhile, chain grocery stores have signed up to install the baby courses in storerooms above their corner shops!

An indoor course requires about 3,000 square feet. Ledbetter and Delanoy and their various companies will, for a stated price, examine

the premises and put their construction crews to work.

For an outdoor course about 7,000 square feet are necessary. There is, of course, no limit to what an owner can spend on his course.

The orders are pouring into the New York offices. The partners are in a daze—one of their most troublesome problems being the necessity of making

out bank deposit slips and signing checks for McCart's royalties! They still think it a Gargantuan joke, these Lilliputian courses, a dream of gold from which they will awaken with a dull and aching thud.

THEY are sure, however, they tell me, that in a few years this country is going to have the darnedest crop of putters the world has ever seen!

Well, one thing is interesting and amusing: when they sink their last putt and reach into the eighteenth hole to retrieve the ball they are going to be surprised, for the builders make that eighteenth hole without a bottom. The moment a ball drops into the cup it disappears, and re-

appears after traveling in a pipe that leads from the last green to the starter's hut. This provision keeps the players honest, for they can't leave the premises with the owner's golf ball!

THE END

Liberty is offering

\$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—**NOT MERELY STAMPS.**

And when you send them address them simply to **SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

\$500 for Limericks

Prizes for completing the unfinished Limerick in Liberty for August 23 have been awarded to those whose names appear below. The Limerick read as follows:

"Oh, boy!" said Bill Smith. "Ain't it grand
Just to sit in the sun on the sand!
I'll stay here and burn
Till I'm done to a turn—"

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—\$250

But he turned before done. Now he'll stand.

By MRS. FRANCES ABELE, 410 East 163d Street, New York City

SECOND PRIZE—\$100

Bill died; yet he's burning as planned.

By MRS. G. N. CROWTHER,
613 Raycroft Avenue,
Long Beach, California

THIRD PRIZE—\$75

"And a Smith will be Brown, understand?"

By MRS. M. B. KELLY, 264 Rhodes Street,
Providence, Rhode Island

FOURTH PRIZE—\$50

When his boss saw him cooked, he was canned.

By THOMAS L. GLENN, JR., P. O. Box 1976,
Sarasota, Florida

FIFTH PRIZE—\$25

"Then go home to the wife and get panned."

By SYLVIA H. ROSENBERG,
952 Lakeview Road, Cleveland, Ohio

Ten Minutes

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 4 min. 2 sec.)

"**S**PEAKING. . . . Oh, you, Jess? . . . Say that again. . . . No, there's no one in the office. Noise is from outside. I'll shut the window. . . . There! Can you hear? . . . I can have the boys tomorrow afternoon, you said? You called me to tell me—that? Don't ring off. . . . I said, Don't ring off! Jess, have you given any thought to the boys? I mean trying to bring them up without a father, and with all your money and mine? God, you don't know what it is to be a half-decent-looking, rotten-rich man. You good women don't know. . . . I heard what you said. Can't we talk about it face to face? I'm aching to see yours. . . . No, I'll never come home unless it's to stay. . . . Come downtown? . . . You'd rather come to the office? Jess! How soon can you be here? . . . Ten minutes. Jess! Oh, boy!"

Not since the first boy was born had he had this impulse to pray—dance, rather. Jess was coming!

He flung his coat on a chair and opened the door into the lavatory, letting the cold water fill the basin. He was about to splash his hot face, when a soft rap fell on the door. From the hall. Too soon for Jess. Only someone he knew well—like the one who had caused this mess—ever came to that door. Whoever it was had gone away.

No, it was beginning again, gentle but persistent. Damn it! He'd have to get rid of her, and quick, too.

The instant he opened the door, a foot was thrust into the narrow gap. A silk stocking followed. Can a man stamp on a woman's foot? Then he saw the rest of her.

Cheap, gaudy clothes one can see through. Face one can see through too. Tawdry jewelry. It was the little hussy who'd been pestering him for a job in the mailing office. "You can't come in. I said—"

What the devil is she doing? Throwing a fit? Taking off her hat. Clawing her hair. Tearing the georgette coat, the chiffon dress— Good God!

He'd heard of such things happening to men, rich men. But to have it happen to him! And with Jess on the way! Blackmail! Trying now to get her arms about him. Clawing at his hair. Beginning to scream . . .

How many hours since Jess had phoned?

NASTY thin arms strangling him. Pretending to try to get away from him. Yelling, the vixen, "Let me go!" Oh, he was done for now! Jess would never believe him. A scandal. In the newspapers. Divorce . . .

"Take your hands off'n me!" she screamed.

He raged. "No one will hear you. Everyone's gone."

She screamed the louder. "You better let go er me. I won't let you. I won't. A good girl, only asking a job. You made me come. Let me go. Let me go!"

That jujitsu trick! He flung her to the floor, where she lay bawling. Half stripped. A hideous mess!

"Well, scream your head off. I want them to hear you."

He wheeled, plucking the receiver off its hook. "Operator. Operator! No time to dial! Give me police station nearest Hill Building, Eighth Street. The station? Say hear that screeching?" It ceased. "There's a girl here—



Tucker Studio photo

By EDNAH AIKEN

who belongs to an old San Francisco family, has written some novels, and is widely known in California as a clubwoman and social worker. Her husband, now dead, was for many years editor of *Sunset Magazine*.



By

forced her way—my office—is tearing her clothes off. You know the trick. . . . Hold her? Till you get here? Bet I will. How soon? Make it snappy. . . . Three minutes? Make it two and I'll give you plenty. . . . A gun? Yes. . . . Say, I don't like to point one at a

woman. Keep her from getting her rags on? Bet I can!"

He replaced the receiver. She was sitting up, sullenly tugging at the wrecked step-ins of cheap voile. The straps of her brassiere were hanging. Suspicion gleamed from the hard, blue eyes.

He opened a drawer and put his hand, not on a gun, on his desk watch. In three minutes Jess would be there.

"I've got you covered. Don't you put your stinking clothes on. You're to go to jail like this. Too many of you. I'm going to make an example . . . Stop it! If you try to put that dress on, I'll shoot your dirty claws."

"**I**'VE never been to jail," she whined, frightened at last. "Nor did anything like this. A girl put me up to it. Said it was easy money. Let me go before the cops come!"

She couldn't go quickly enough—for either of them! In two minutes Jess'd be at the door. No cop. There wasn't any cop. He'd held the hook down. Too dull to notice. That sort is dull.

"Let me go, mister!"

"You'd run right into the cops' arms. See here. I'll give you a half chance. Go down by the stairs. They'll be taking the elevator."

He saw at once he'd overdone his part. Her eyes had grown hard again.

"You want me to go, don't you?"

"That's the way you thank me? Now, you'll stay." He stepped to the window. "It's too late. They're below. I see their wagon. They're on their way up."

When he turned—and he did it slowly—the room was empty. But it reeked with the cheap perfume. He threw open the window; he filled his lungs with the clean air. He went back to the basin, and plunged his face into the cold water. Mopping with a towel, he broke into nervous, gloating laughter. Not such a bad actor!

A sound behind him made his heart skip beats. He had forgotten to shut the door. The hussy'd come back. He'd kill her this time.

Georgette coat. Georgette hat. A bunch of French violets at her throat. All that made life decent and worth while, all that made it clean and sweet, was standing in the frame of the door.

"Are you so glad to see me?"

"Glad? Jess! Glad enough to shout, to cry. Only one person I'd be gladder to see, and she's up too far for me to reach. She'd believe me if I could tell her what I've been through since you phoned. She'd let me cry into her lap. . . . You would? You will? I don't dare. You'd say I got rid of—it because you were on your way. But I wish I had to sweat for a salary! I wish I had a harelip! Damn all the women in the world except you!"

THE END



If the sleeper is picturesque enough, there will be a whole family looking in at him.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 48 seconds.)

THERE has been a great deal of printed matter issued, both in humorous and instructive vein, about ocean travel on those mammoth ships which someone, who had never ridden on one, once designated as "ocean greyhounds." "Ocean camels" would be an epithet I would work up for them, if anyone should care enough to ask me. Or I might even think of a funnier one. There is room for a funnier one.

But, whether one calls them "ocean greyhounds" or "ocean camels" or something to be thought up at a later date, no one can deny that the ships which ply between this country and foreign lands get all the publicity. Every day, throughout this "broad" land of ours, on lakes, rivers, gulfs, and up and down the coast line, there are plying little steamers carrying more American passengers than Europe, in its most avid moments, ever dreamed of. And yet, does anyone ever write any travel hints for them, other than to put up signs reading: "Please leave your stateroom keys in the door on departure"? Are colorful sea stories ever concocted, or gay pamphlets issued, to lend an air of adventure to this most popular form of travel by water? I hope not, for I had rather hoped to blaze a literary trail in this tantalizing bit of marine lore.

There are three different types of boat in use on our inland waterways and coastwise service: (1) Ferries, which are so silly that even *we* won't take them up for discussion. (2) Day, or excursion, boats, which take you where you are going, and, if you get fascinated by the thing, back in the same day. (3) Night boats, mostly in the Great Lakes or coastwise service, which have, as yet, never fascinated anyone to the point of making a return trip on the same run. And then, of course, you can always row yourself.

There is one peculiar feature of travel on these smaller craft of our merchant marine. Passengers are always in a great hurry to embark and in an equally great hurry to disembark. The sailing of an ocean liner, on which people are really going somewhere and at considerable expense, is marked by leisurely and sometimes haphazard arrivals right up to the last minute. But let an excursion boat called the Alfred W. Parmenter announce that it will leave one end of a lake at 9 A. M. bound for the other end of the lake and return, and at 6 A. M. there will be a crowd of waiting passengers on the dock so great as to give passers-by the impression that a man-eating shark has just been hauled up. On the other hand, fully half an hour before one of these "pleasure" boats is due to dock on its return trip, the quarter-deck will be jammed with passengers who evidently can hardly wait to get off and who have to be restrained by the officers from jumping overboard and beating the boat in to shore. At least a quarter of the time on one of these recreation trips is spent in standing patiently in a crowd waiting for a chance to be the first ones on and the first ones off.

Just why anyone should want to be the first one aboard an excursion boat is one of the great mysteries of the sea. Of course, there is the desire to get good positions on deck, but even if you happen to be the first one on board,

"Abandon

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

the good positions are always taken by people who seem to have swum around and come up from the other side. And then there is the question: "What is a good position?" No matter where you settle yourself, whether up in the bow or 'way aft under the awning, by the time the boat has started it turns out to be too sunny or too windy or too much under the pattering soot from the stack. The first fifteen minutes of a trip are given over to a general changing of positions among the passengers. People who have torn on board and fought for preferred spots with their lives are heard calling out: "Here, Alice, it's better over here!" and "You hold these and I'll go and see if we can't get something out of the wind." The wise tripper gets on board at the last minute and waits until the boat has swung around into her course. Then he can see how the sun, wind, and soot are falling and choose accordingly.

Of course, getting on a day boat at the last minute is a difficult thing to figure out. No matter how late you embark, there is always a wait of twenty minutes before the thing starts, a wait with no breeze in the broiling sun to the accompanying rumble of outbound freight. I have not the statistics at hand, but I venture to say that no boat of less than 4,000 tons ever sailed on time. The captain always has to have an extra cup of coffee up at the Greek's, or a piece of freight gets caught against a stanchion, or the engineer can't get the fire to catch. The initial rush to get on board and the scuffle to get seats is followed by a great deal of tooting and ringing of bells—and then a long wait. People who have called out frantic good-bys find themselves involved in what seems to be an endless and footless conversation over the rail which drags on through remarks such as "Don't get seasick" and "Tell mother not to worry" into a forced interchange of flat comments which would hardly have served for the basis of any conversation on shore. It finally ends by the relatives and friends on the pier being the first to leave. The *voyageurs* then return dispiritedly to their seats and bake until the thing sails. Thus, before the trip has even begun, the let-down has set in.

IT has always been my theory that the collapsible chairs on a day boat are put out by one firm, the founders of which were the Borgias of medieval Italy. In the old sadistic days, the victim was probably put into one of these and tied so that he could not get out. Within two hours' time the wooden crosspiece on the back would have forced its way into his body just below the shoulder blades, while the two upright knobs at the corners of the seat would have destroyed his thigh bones, thereby making any further torture, such as the Iron Maiden or the thumbscrews, unnecessary. Today, the steamboat company does not go so far as to tie its victims in, but it gives them no other place to sit on deck, and the only way in which a comfortable reading posture can be struck is for the passenger to lie sideways across the seat with his left arm abaft the crossbar and his left hip resting on the cloth. The legs are then either stretched out straight or entwined around another chair. Sometimes one can be comfortable for as long as four minutes in this position. The best way is to lie down flat on the deck and let people walk over you.

This deliberate construction of chairs to make sitting impossible would be understandable if there were any particular portion of the boat, such as a good lunch

Ship!

counter, to which the company wanted to drive its patrons. But the lunch counters on day boats seem to be run on the theory that Americans, as a nation, eat too much. Ham, Swiss cheese, and, on the dressier boats, tongue sandwiches constitute the *carte du jour* for those who, driven from their seats by impending curvature of the spine, rush to the lunch counter. If the boat happens to be plying between points in New England, that "vacationland of America," where the business slogan is "The customer is always in the way," the customer is lucky if the chef in attendance furnishes grudgingly a loaf of bread and a piece of ham for him to make his own sandwiches. And a warm bottle of "tonic" is considered all that any epicure could demand as liquid refreshment.



"Don't run so hard, Ethel; you'll tire yourself all out!"

ALL this would not be so bad if, shortly after the boat starts, a delicious aroma of cooking onions and bacon were not wafted up through the ventilators, which turns out to be coming from the galley where the crew's midday meal is being prepared.

If the boat happens to be a "night boat" there is a whole new set of experiences in store for the traveler. Boarding at about five or six in the afternoon, he discovers that, owing to the Eastern Star or the Wagumsett having been lying alongside the dock all day in the broiling sun, the staterooms are uninhabitable until the boat has been out a good two hours. Even then he has a choice of putting his bags in or getting in himself. A good way to solve this problem is to take the bags with him into one of the lifeboats and spend the night there. Of course, if there are small children in the party (and there always are) two lifeboats will be needed.

Children on a night boat seem to be built of hardier stock than children on any other mode of conveyance. They stay awake later, get up earlier, and are heavier on their feet. If, by the use of sedatives, the traveler finally succeeds in getting to sleep himself along about 3 A. M., he is awakened sharp at four by foot races along the deck outside which seem to be participated in by the combined backfields of Notre Dame and the University of Southern California. Two children can give this effect. Two children and one admonitory parent calling out, "Don't run so hard, Ethel; you'll tire yourself all out!" can successfully bring the half-slumbering traveler to an upright position, crashing

his head against the upper bunk with sufficient force to make at least one more hour's unconsciousness possible.

It is not only the children who get up early on these night boats. There is a certain type of citizen who, when he goes on a trip, "doesn't want to miss anything." And so he puts on his clothes at 4:30 A. M. and goes out on deck in the fog. If he would be careful only not to miss anything on the coast line it might not be so bad, but he is also determined not to miss anything in the staterooms, with the result that sleepers who get through the early-morning childish prattle are bound to be awakened by the uncomfortable feeling that they are being watched. Sometimes, if the sleeper is picturesque enough, there will be a whole family looking in at him, with the youngest child asking, "Is that daddy?" There is nothing left to do but get up and shut the window. And, with the window shut, there is nothing left to do but get out into the air. Thus begins a new day.

Sometime a writer of sea stories will arise who will immortalize this type of travel by water. For it has its heroes and its hardships, to say nothing of its mysteries, and many a good ringing tale could be built around the seamen's yarns now current among the crews of our day and night excursion boats. I would do it myself, but it would necessitate at least a year's apprenticeship and right now I do not feel up to that.

Mr. Benchley will present more reasons why life is so merry in an early issue of Liberty.

Funny Faces! Can You Make Them?

Liberty
is offering

One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

First Prize \$200 — Second Prize \$100 — Third Prize \$50
and 30 prizes of One Fin (\$5) each—Grand Total \$500



KING CAROL OF ROUMANIA



ALICE WHITE



JACK OAKIE

Sept. 20

See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, September 27. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

for the funniest faces made from the pictures of the Prince of Wales, Janet Gaynor, and the former Kaiser Wilhelm, in our August 23 issue



FIRST PRIZE, \$200—For these faces by Authella Ford Hersh,
514 B Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

SECOND PRIZE, \$100—For these faces by George A. Learn,
469 Murray Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, \$500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.



THIRD PRIZE, \$50—For these faces by William V. Donahoe,
Box 625, Tulsa, Oklahoma

\$5 PRIZES

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THUMB TACK

NEW shoes squeaked. Polished ears shone. Pencil boxes and rulers clattered on desks. Colored crayons were swapped for erasers with brushes, and balls and marbles bounced on the floor. School had opened in Lil's home town! Jimmies and Georgies, Mamies and Mollies, Fritzie and Izzies walked up the steps to their doom.

"I'll get good marks," Gwen Smithers told all the girls in the classroom, "because I brought the teacher a present. I stole one of my mother's bureau scarfs and wrote 'I love you' on the paper bag."

"You'll get a spanking from your mother when she finds it out," Florence Crowell told her in a scared voice, "and that's worse than bad marks."

"Yeah," Ethel Crowell agreed, scratching her freckled nose. "I'd rather have bad marks on my report card than black and blue marks on my hide."

Desk lids banged. Chalk was stacked between black-board erasers. Paper clips were slyly thrown at necks. And many mischievous hands made light work of spinning the globe on the window sill.

"First I'll tell you what I did on my vacation," said the teacher, Miss Swim, appearing at the door. She took a deep breath. She needed it. She had toured twelve countries in six weeks.

"I went swimmin' without clothes," a little boy piped up, "and got stung wid wasps and bees."

The children all yelled at this happy news.

"Where didja get stung?" they wanted to know.

"Never mind," Miss Swim told them. "I went to France. Who can tell me the capital? Quick! That's



This week's cover picture.

principal in here."

"She might," Gwen whispered back; "but he wouldn't find me. I'd run outdoors and keep on running."

"Then I went to Spain," Miss Swim smiled.

"My father eats Spanish onions every Saturday night," a fat boy confided. "Did you eat any?"

"She did not!" Gwen giggled. "She didn't want to cry all over Europe." Then she whispered to the boy in front, "Hey, Red! Hey! Twist your neck round."

"I won't," he whispered back, "and my name's not Red. Anybody who calls me Red will get a black eye."

"Oh, Red!" she whispered. "Don't get mad!" She leaned over her desk and gingerly placed a thumb tack on his bench. Then she whispered: "Move over so I can see."

Poor Red moved over quickly—right on the tack.

"Ouch!" he squeaked like a monkey caught in a swinging door. And he sprang into the air, clutching his pants. "Somebody stuck me with a thumb tack!"

(Next week's cover adventure: *The Putty Blower*)

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BLOONDE



(Reading time: 21 min. 36 sec.)

FARRANT tugged loose the tight bullioned gorget of his court dress and sank with a large "Ouf!" of relief into an armchair.

"It's a rum life," he said.

"Ambassadorial functions make for originality, it seems," said Lennox sardonically.

"Used up all my sparkle on official repartees," grinned Farrant. "It's a relief to be plain but natural—and life is immortal rum."

"Why particularly this evening?" asked Lennox.

Farrant reached for and defeated a large drink.

"Perhaps you don't remember, but I was once stationed in South America at a place called Santa Blaize," he said, apparently in answer to his friend's question.

"Didn't I drop in on you there?" said Lennox. "But why should you want to recall it? If ever there was a paradise of fleas and faded hopes, Santa Blaize was it."

"The world's worst garbage dump, wasn't it?" nodded Farrant. "The place where they sent bad undersecretaries of legations. I was booted there from a comfortable billet in the Near East for telling that pompous

By

DOUGLAS NEWTON



who, although comparatively young, has written two novels, one—"The Brute"—becoming a well known movie; toured Canada with the Prince of Wales in 1919, which provided material for another book; contributes stories to magazines here and in his native England; and—is the father of one boy and five girls.

Pictures by RALPH PALLAN COLEMAN

slug, Alban Brander Jones, that his peace messages to the Balkan peoples were the surest incitements to war ever mouthed.

"I hated Santa Blaize on sight: it was so easy. It was all heat, dust, flies, and bad drains, plus most bad Latin human frailties, from tri-monthly revolutions, graft, and throat-cutting at five pesos a time, to the more unmentionable things. The only point in its favor was that in the hills back of the capital conditions were hotter, dustier, wickeder, and

*The Story of a Girl
Who Knew What She Wanted*



"By the time Servilla arrived I had the news. Estevan Pachero had caught her in the foothills."

worse. In those hills lived as noble a crop of those brigands who called themselves 'patriots' as the history of free murder could show anywhere.

"A dog wallow of a place. The only two amusements

it provided for the decent minded were the *siesta* and the arrival of the mail boat. We slept every possible moment of the day, except twice a month when we—the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BLONDE
[Continued from page sixty-five]

whole of the energetic community, that is—walked down to the *muelle* to watch the steamer come in—and go out again."

"I know," nodded Lennox. "I saw you all gathering from afar that time I arrived. I thought we must have royalty incognito aboard."

"More momentous than that," said Farrant. "That boat was our fortnightly reminder that civilization did still continue to exist somewhere. . . . Well, one day when I was down watching that mail boat unloading fools for Santa Blaize and carrying the spoiled darlings of fortune away, I saw—one naturally noted everybody—a little shorthand-typist come ashore."

"A shorthand-typist? How did you know?" frowned Lennox. "Was she carrying a Rotary Club trade badge on her chest?"

"Didn't have to," shrugged Farrant. "She was stenographer on sight. Don't know how—most girls can disguise it and look like Greta Garbo or princesses royal, but not she. She looked exactly like someone you had not noticed in a drafty corner until you put your head out of your private office to bawl: 'I'll want someone to stay two hours overtime tonight to take down letters.' She'd always be the one to rise and say 'Yes' to that."

Farrant paused to drink again.

"Got her?" he asked. "The sort of girl you'd never think of asking if she minded. The sort of which all other girls said: 'Oh, Emily will do it.' Her name was naturally Emily—Emily Smalley."

"And you got all that knowledge of her as she came down the gangplank on to the *muelle* of Santa Blaize?" scoffed Lennox.

"Certainly," nodded Farrant. "She gave the mind a complete sense of nothingness at a single glance. I saw her and forgot her utterly in a single stare. That was the sort of girl she was."

"It was after the mail had gone and the disillusioned crowd was drifting away to the cafés in the Street of Our Glorious Revolution that Mrs. Breed came up to me."

"Didn't meet Mrs. Breed, did you? No? We did try to soften life's terrors for strangers even in Santa Blaize. Mrs. Breed had come out to Santa Blaize, heaven knows when and how, to do 'Good Works,' and, as she was the only working model of her kind in the republic, she was the accredited local representative of all those societies that collect money for the betterment of virtue in foreign parts. A long, gray, washed-out husk of a woman, Mrs. Breed."

"WELL, she approached me under the heading of 'Girls' Protection Abroad Vigilance Society.' She came up all flustered, and cried:

"Mr. Farrant, something very difficult has happened. There's a girl here, just landed, who has not come to Santa Blaize to any definite work or for any definite reason as far as I can make out. She has nowhere to go, no ideas, and apparently little money. And—and—though she is a respectable girl, I simply can't make her see!"

"I didn't want to make anybody see anything at that moment, beyond seeing that a waiter saw that there was ice in my drink. But I was a representative of 'Home' law, and I knew that Mrs. Breed was not the type to let either me or my superiors forget it. Also, this being Santa Blaize, Mrs. Breed had good reasons for being anxious. So I went along with her to the customs shed and there found this nature's typist, Emily Smalley."

"She was even more so close up than afar off. She

hadn't—well, even a redeeming spark of ugliness about her. Her face, I remember, seemed pudding all over; her nose was too broad, yet her mouth beat it."

"She had, however, one extraordinary quality; she was almost clamorously fair. I never saw such fairness in my life: silver-gold hair, ditto eyebrows, and white, white skin. In the seminegroid and tropic swarthinness of Santa Blaize her blondness was like a screech in a deep silence. I saw the way the ladrones and other loafers in the shed stared at her and could guess what a shock she was to them."

"She just stood dumb while I talked Big Brother Government at her. She was meek; she was stodgy; she hadn't ten words in line to offer about herself at one given moment; and she did not budge a millimeter."

"She had come to Santa Blaize because she had decided to try her luck in Santa Blaize; that was all I could get out of her. But why she had chosen that of all hell's corridors she either wouldn't or couldn't say."

"I DID learn later that she had met a waiter in a hash joint who had come from Santa Blaize. The fellow, it appears, might have married her had he not been arrested for bigamy with three other blondes. He was, I took it, the only man who had ever given her two looks, and she had come to Santa Blaize in sheer gratitude."

"She really was an international problem. It was simply impossible to make her understand that Santa Blaize was no place at all for nice girls with nothing definite in view. Every time I said this she bleated, 'But I can do typing,' until I burst out:

"Ye gods! Don't you grasp there is no typing in Santa

Blaize? The local magnates do their business either across little glasses in cafés or with dagger and pistol behind the market place at night."

"At that she merely gave me an albino blink and muttered that that made it a good place to open up in. She could fill a need, create a monopoly. I said she couldn't, because I did not believe there was a typewriting machine in the town outside my own legation. But I forgot this was an age of portables, and she headed me off there by showing me she had brought one with her. I said then that that would not help, because the local language was Spanish. But of course she had a comeback. She could speak Spanish, even do Spanish shorthand."

"She must have had something in her, after all," interrupted Lennox.

"Oh, she had, I suppose," admitted Farrant. "But standing in front of her in that smelly customs shed I could not see it. I could only see meek, bat-eyed, ignorant obstinacy. Talking to her was like trying to punch holes in a feather bed. She simply sank before the punch and remained a—feather bed. I was too hot and too thirsty to carry on. I told Mrs. Breed to find lodgings for her with respectable people and let Santa Blaize itself show her what a nit wit she was."

"I forgot her after that; there was no need nor desire to think about her."

"She held out for a month—would have held out longer on her own account—but after that time Mrs. Breed brought a lodging-house-keeping widow to me, and the lady was almost foaming at the mouth on the matter of Emily Smalley's moral character."

"She declared that our milk-white doe was lodging with her, yet devastating her public reputation so outrageously that she must go. On the other hand, Mrs. Breed was insisting that Emily Smalley must stay because she feared the effect on Emily's morals if she were turned adrift."



"She seemed to have an instinct for understanding peons."

"The widow woman argued that Emily's morals did not figure at all, because Emily hadn't any. Being a Latin, girls were only either good or bad to this widow, and Emily was the latter, only worse. She toiled not, neither did she spin, for one thing, and she did not keep herself to herself. *Basta!* No! She had half the scallawags of Santa Blaize swarming about her, even flocking into her *sala*, if you please, to speak with the white hussy or merely to gaze at her like sheep. And the shameless one returned their looks and their speech quite calmly, asking them to give her words to click out on her little instrument. It was a positive scandal. Soon the police would be coming and demanding hush money—and hers an honest house.

"I went along to see Emily mainly because that was the only way to placate the widow. I didn't really believe her story. That meek, plain, human negation, Emily Smalley, the siren of Santa Blaize! It seemed too comic to be true.

"But it was true enough in its way. I had to push through quite a mob of males before I could get across the widow's *sala* to Emily, and there was no doubt they were all there to ogle and languish over her. Why, one muttonhead was even playing a guitar at her! And yet it remained comic, too, for in the face of all this she remained as meek, flat, plain, and as negative as ever, quite the most unalive and unprepossessing thing you ever saw.

"STILL, the reason of it was plain. It was not beauty that drew them; it was just blondness. That amazing, that freakish whiteness cast a spell over swarthy Santa Blaize. The nearer the negroid a man was, the more he seemed overcome. It was the sheer contrast that gave her her appeal, and it was so strong as to be almost hypnotic.

"I was not too happy about it. I barked at her a bit; told her how this sort of thing could not go on. She said quite meekly:

"'I can't help it. They will come. They follow me about.'

"'They will,' I told her brutally. 'Don't you realize how these people look at things? A girl remains either secluded with her family, works like a navvy, or—or they consider her fair game.'

"'I can't get work,' she said in her meek way.

"'I told you you couldn't,' I said. 'And now you've found it out for yourself, you'd better go home.'

"'No,' she said.

"'But, hang it, what else is there?' I cried.

"She did not answer.

"'Can't you see?' I insisted. 'You've no alternative. There are only two honorable trades for girls in this climate—work or marriage.'

"She didn't answer again and I snapped out at her: 'But perhaps you are going to marry one of these—gentlemen!'

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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RCA Radiotrons

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO



"They were all there to ogle and languish over her. Why, one muttonhead was even playing a guitar!"

[BLONDE
Continued from page sixty-seven]

"I was merely hot and sarcastic, but the extraordinary creature took me at my word. Her flat glance examined all the riffraff in the room, then she said:

"'No. There's no one here I want to marry.'

"'Pity,' I said heavily. 'There are some quite distinguished murderers present. But as you won't—then you'll have to go home.'

"'No,' her dead voice came. 'I won't go home.'

"I could have shaken her only she seemed too spiritless to shake.

"'Then what are you going to do?' I shouted. 'Your landlady means to turn you out, and that means that nobody else will take you in.'

She looked for a long time at her stubby white hands as they lay in her lap. Then she said:

"'Couldn't you take me out to the *campa* when you go on the Blinkiron case, Mr. Farrant? You'll be extra busy then, and I am a good typist.'

"I goggled at her—the nerve of the sheep! And yet there was some horse sense behind her request. Blinkiron had been a darn-fool book-writing explorer who had

been captured in the mountains and then scuppered by our best working bandit, Estevan Pachero. I was going out to as near the mountains as I dared to collect evidence for a report to my home government. I was going to have my hands full, I knew. South American witnesses are elusive things, especially when they are rustics, and, to make conditions more difficult, the man who was supposed to help me only knew Castilian Spanish.

"'I'm afraid,' I said loftily, thinking this was my strongest line, 'you would be useless. My work will be entirely in *estancia* Spanish.'

"'I've picked that up, Mr. Farrant,' she said, but with no more animation than if she had picked up a pin from the carpet. 'I can understand it. Type it, too, if necessary.'

"I didn't believe her, naturally, for *estancia* Spanish—the patois, that is, of the camps in the Santa Blaize backlands—is a roughneck dialect full of slang and local idiom. She saw I didn't, turned and stared at the men, and, deliberately picking out a real cattle peon, began a quick-fire duologue with him in his own patter. Startling, that. I'm a quick study at languages myself, but she left me standing by a league. And it also told me that

her chats with all these scalawags had not been entirely love monologues.

"Well, she won. Quite apart from a desire not to leave her stranded, I felt that I owed it to my government to make use of an expert of her type. I took her along to the *estancia* which the Santa Blaize Republic had placed at our disposal for this inquiry, and she proved as good as her promise.

"She was not only a good typist, steady and accurate if not flashy, but she was almost invaluable when we came to tickling peons for evidence. She seemed able to get under their moral skin, defeat their natural suspicions at once. And, damme, that meek, flat-spirited, homely dump of a girl picked up more information in a week than I could have done in years. She seemed to have an instinct for getting close up, of understanding peons—a sort of flair that could feel their very thoughts.

"It probably came from opportunity, for, by jinks, she had plenty of that. The thing that had happened in the boarding house happened also in the *campa*, only more so. Every swarthy son-of-a-gun for miles seemed to be mesmerized by her unique fairness. They could not keep away from it. It seemed the eighth wonder of the world to them, the very lodestone of the ancients. They'd sit around all day in mobs just to look at her as she passed. It was uncanny. But the most uncanny thing about it was its happening to that mouselike little nobody. I used to sit and stare at her myself at times, wondering if she had brain enough to realize the marvel of herself. I never knew from her manner. She was always quiet, negative, unemotional.

"She was like that even when Estevan Pachero came to look at her.

"That was an event, I can tell you.

"ESTEVAN PACHERO was, as I have said, the chap my trouble was about—the chap who had bumped off Blinkiron and caused my government to talk in terms of battleships and bombardments unless the sovereign rights of our (late) citizen Blinkiron were vindicated. Estevan Pachero was, in fact, the big noise, the local terror, the man who might mean war; above all, the scoundrel I and the Republic of Santa Blaize wanted most earnestly to hang. And this same Estevan Pachero was also the man who made a special trip from his mountain fastnesses to gaze upon Emily Smalley, typist!

"Of course the Reyes who were supposed to guard my sacred person got the tip about his coming and discreetly vanished in time. And, of course, Pachero himself rode in with two hundred horsemen each as thick with weapons as a dreadnaught, but his coming was no less notable for that.

"He was a fine, fierce, preying animal, Pachero; eagle-nosed, lithe as a snake, and burned as black as mountain sun could manage it, but mainly white-blooded for all that. He was quite an efficient cutthroat in local style, too. He had the brain of a newt and the thinking capacity of a junior schoolboy, but he was a born leader of men, anyhow. He did it, I think, solely with gestures and fierceness, a good seat in the saddle, and an absolutely fearless appetite for fighting.

"Quite a comedy fellow to hold an intelligent conversation with, for he seemed rarely able to get beyond a loud 'I, Estevan Pachero, say so! Who dares say no?' And then he would swing his scarlet-lined cloak over his shoulder like an opera tenor, while the conversation naturally languished.

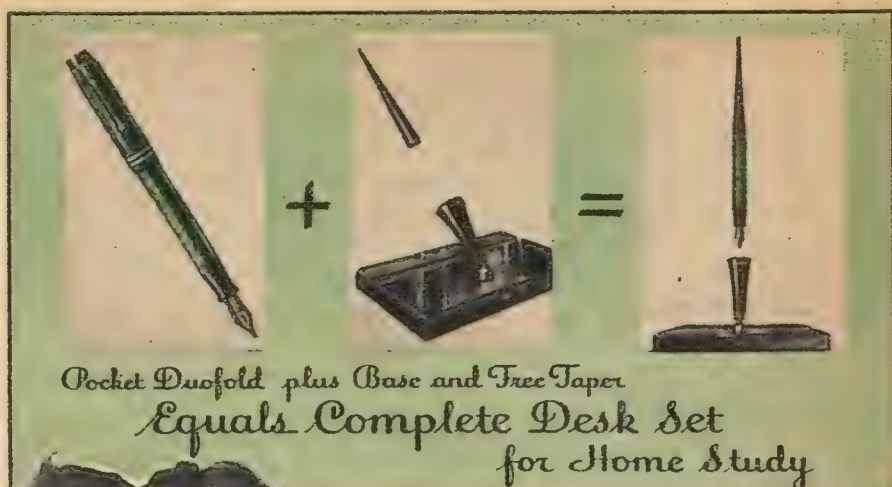
"Not that he bothered particularly about my daring anything. He was not there to murder me or even to string me up for ransom. He had the *hidalgo* manner and considered me extraterritorial and untouchable. And, even more than that, I was under the protection of Emily Smalley.

"Droll that, eh? I, accredited representative of the greatest nation on earth, owed my safety, my life, to this white rabbit of a girl I had taken up for charity. But, definitely, it was so. Estevan Pachero more than anyone else was hypnotized by Emily Smalley's blondness.

"He was bound and limp before it. He was de-witted. He was dumber even than nature made him. He could

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The First Lesson for the Fall Term of School



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BLONDE
[Continued from page sixty-nine]

not take his eyes off her for the few days he was with us, and followed her about as though she had him on a bit of string. I even had extra shutters and bars put on the dining-room and her bedroom windows, for even when we shut him out of the house he was peering in after her whenever he could.

"I was in a darn' scare about it. I told Emily I thought she'd better slip back to the capital by night, as she was not safe from him. I knew his reputation as a lady-killer, you see. It literally was—killer. He never condescended to marry, but when the lady got wearisome or troublesome, she died. It was his way of saving himself a great deal of conscience-pricking, for he had strictly conventional ideas about the sanctity of marriage and he also considered divorce abominable.

"Emily Smalley heard all I had to say without any emotion, and in the same style told me that she did not think escaping would serve. She happened to know that Pachero had men strung between us and the capital and there would be no getting through them. I wondered if she were frightened, but again I could not tell—she simply did not seem to have anything in her to be anything with.

"But her power over Pachero had its uses. By merely asking, she got him to be amazingly frank about Blinkiron. He said largely that he had meant to tell us nothing, hoping that we would think the worst. That would mean that that little porker Servilla—Servilla was that quarter's reigning president of the republic—would have to bear the brunt of it, and his people, having to pay the indemnity, would revolt, and he, Estevan Pachero, would become the head of the state. However, entirely for the sake of the señorita who was fairer than snow on the mountain top, he would tell us the truth.

"He had certainly killed Blinkiron. He had shot him with his own hand in self-defense. Blinkiron, who, as I have said, explored solely to write books that glorified the wonder and daring of Blinkiron, had conceived the crazy plan of going after Pachero, taking him single-handed. He saw the thing entirely as a stimulus for book sales. He had tried to hold up Pachero at the pistol point, but had proved himself a less able craftsman with that weapon than he was with the pen.

"TO prove his story, Pachero tossed into my lap Blinkiron's last diary in which the prize idiot had drafted out beforehand all the details of his spectacular piece of daring. Pachero knew it was clinching evidence—he had men with him who read English.

"That practically wiped out my job. Obviously Blinkiron's own folly had been responsible for his death, and there really was no case for war talk—for which I and two governments were profoundly grateful. All that was left for me to do, then, was to get my other national, Emily Smalley, away before Pachero complicated the diplomatic situation again by abducting her.

"Luck, however, took the matter out of my hands. Someone had carried the news of Pachero's presence in my neighborhood to President Servilla, and, anxious to crown himself with glory and secure his seat for another three months, he had sent two brigades of cavalry, an artillery regiment, a division of infantry, and his one airplane to capture the bandit.

"Pachero did not wait. Having arrived in a single night, he also vanished abruptly in one. I never breathed a larger sigh of relief than when I went to Emily and told her she was safe.

"She said, 'I suppose so,' and went on with her packing.

"We were to move back to Santa Blaize almost at once, and I supposed Emily's packing was to that end. But I was wrong. Just after I had got out of my bed the next morning I chanced to look out of my window. I stopped my blithe dawn song to gasp, for I saw Emily climbing on to the back of a mule.

"'What's up?' I bawled. 'We don't leave until tomorrow!'

"'Yes,' she said, 'I know.'

"'Well, then,' I cried, 'where are you off to?'

"'I thought I'd like to see the hills,' she said.

"'The hills!' I echoed like an idiot.

"'Those ones over there,' she said meekly. 'I'll never get another chance.'

"But, angels in heaven! I yelled. 'Don't you realize that Pachero is in those hills?'

"'Is he?' she said, and blinked at the hills.

"'He is,' I snapped. 'And he'll see you coming ten miles across this plain. And when he sees you, he'll get you.'

"'I'm not really afraid,' said that celestial boob.

"'That's because you haven't the wits,' I shouted.

"SHE shook the reins of the mule and it started.

"I put my leg over the window sill to run after her, but realized that, the night having been tropic, my nightdress had been Adam's and that my dressing gown didn't button very well.

"'Stop!' I yelled. 'You're going to your death.'

"She shook up the mule to a trot.

"'Stop!' I screeched again. 'You must be mad—mad!'

"She did answer then. She turned her flat, plain face over her shoulder, stared at me, and said:

"'Do you think so?'

"Then she lifted that mule to a gallop and went out of sight.

"Naturally Pachero took her. By the time Servilla and his storm troops arrived I had the news. Estevan Pachero had caught her in the foothills and carried her off across his own saddlebow into the mountains.

"Servilla looked very old when I told him that I expected his army to storm those hills and snatch my national from the clutches of the evil desperado. Fighting Pachero in his own native mountains was going to be the devil.

"He pointed out that this woman, Emily Smalley, had known the risk; that she had been warned; that she alone could be held to blame for her predicament. Of course, that was true enough, but I had to put up a case, though it was only by making him realize that Emily was so innocent and ignorant of South American conditions as to be half-witted, and also by adopting a ramping, raging attitude, that I drove him to take his army anyhow toward the foothills. I pointed out that a demonstration in force might frighten the blackguard into giving the girl up without a fight.

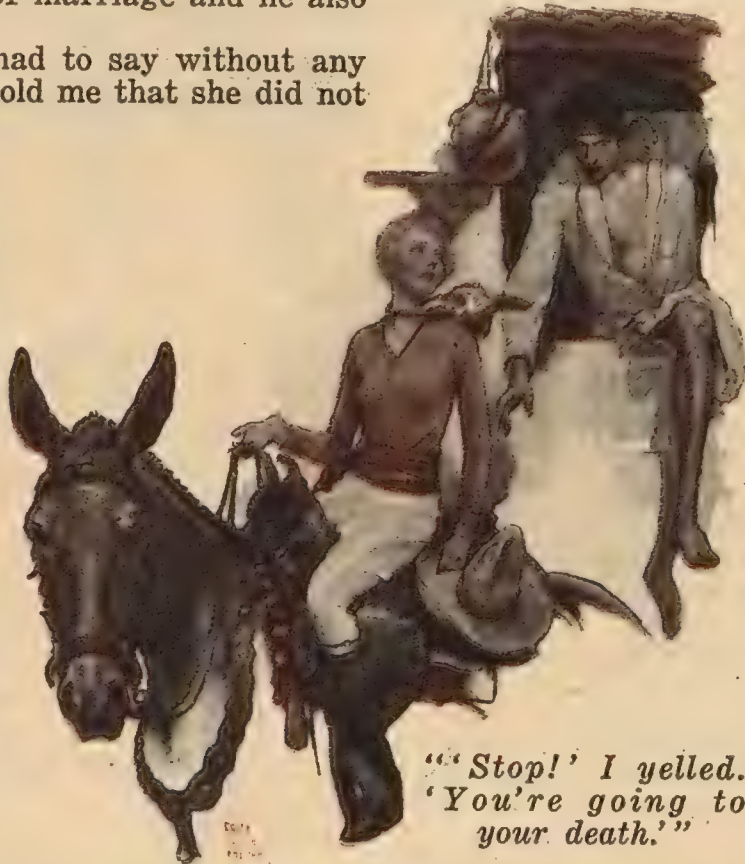
"We had no sooner camped under the mountains than we had a letter from Emily Smalley—typewritten.

"She said that there was no more need for active intervention. She was safe. She had persuaded Estevan Pachero that the only way to save himself from our army was to marry her. He had done that now as per marriage certificate inclosed."

Farrant paused to fill himself another long drink.

"And she ended her note," he said, "with these words: 'Thanks for the armed demonstration. It was just what I needed. These brigands are otherwise so unconventional.'"

"And what the blazes did she mean by that?" Lennox frowned.



"'Stop!' I yelled. 'You're going to your death.'"

"Why, that otherwise there might not have been a marriage," said Farrant.

"You think she felt that important?" asked Lennox.

"The answer to that was at this Embassy function tonight," Farrant grinned.

"Eh? How?" demanded Lennox.

"Don't you know what it was about?"

"I hadn't bothered— Oh!" Lennox's eyes grew wide. "Why, it was to welcome His Excellency the President of Santa Blaize to this country, wasn't it?"

"So," nodded Farrant. "Happen to know who the President of Santa Blaize is?"

"There are so many," said Lennox.

"Not now," grinned Farrant. "This one has been Dictator for ten years, and from the look of things will remain so for life. And his name is Estevan Pachero!"

"Extraordinary," Lennox frowned. "But you said the fellow was brainless."

"And is still. But Emily Smalley is still his wife, also."

"Good God! You mean—"

"I MET her again this evening," grinned Farrant. "There she was, a little more mature and with a lot of diamonds, but still plain and quiet and negative. And still almost freakishly blonde. Yet there she was, beside Estevan Pachero, who is the most powerful force his country has ever known. Somebody's brains must have made him that, for he never had any of his own."

"Hers—Emily Smalley's, you mean?" cried Lennox.

"I suppose so," shrugged Farrant. "But that's where life is rum. I never suspected her of having any, either, and, looking at her this evening, I still could not suspect her."

"But she must have," insisted Lennox. "She must be a remarkable woman, obviously. Why, she must have had the whole idea or, anyhow, the general plan of it, fixed in her mind from the first. That waiter from Santa Blaize, for instance, must have taught her what a power her strange fairness would have over his swarthy countrymen. Her experience with the men in that boarding house must have confirmed that, only she was not throwing herself away on anybody."

"She had big ideas in her, and had gone to Santa Blaize knowing that only in such a place would she get her chance. So she bided her time, endured all she had to endure until she saw her big chance. Estevan Pachero was that. She saw she could make something out of what was otherwise a mere fighting animal, and so she chose him, and, by Jove! took him, not he her! That's what her last letter to you meant: 'Thanks for the armed demonstration.' You played her game for her unknowingly, Farrant. A truly remarkable woman!"

"Yes, I suppose you're right. I guess she is," agreed Farrant.

"You don't quite believe it?"

"Oh, I have to. There are the results. Only—well, you only have to see Emily to wonder. Even now she does not seem to have anything in her to be anything with."

THE END

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My son was given a cardboard village containing a church. He asked me why there were stained-glass windows in it. Before I could answer, he shouted:

"Oh, I know! It's to keep the people from looking out, so they'll have to listen to the preacher."—Mrs. B. Friedman, 1675 Glenmont Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

* * *

A Tenderfoot Cowboy

The movie hero, dressed in cowboy clothes, did quite a bit of singing, to the disgust of Lee Edward. During a lull in the picture he exclaimed:

"Why doesn't that cowboy quit singing and shoot somebody!"—Mrs. C. F. Deike, 903 S. Mont Clair St., Dallas, Tex.

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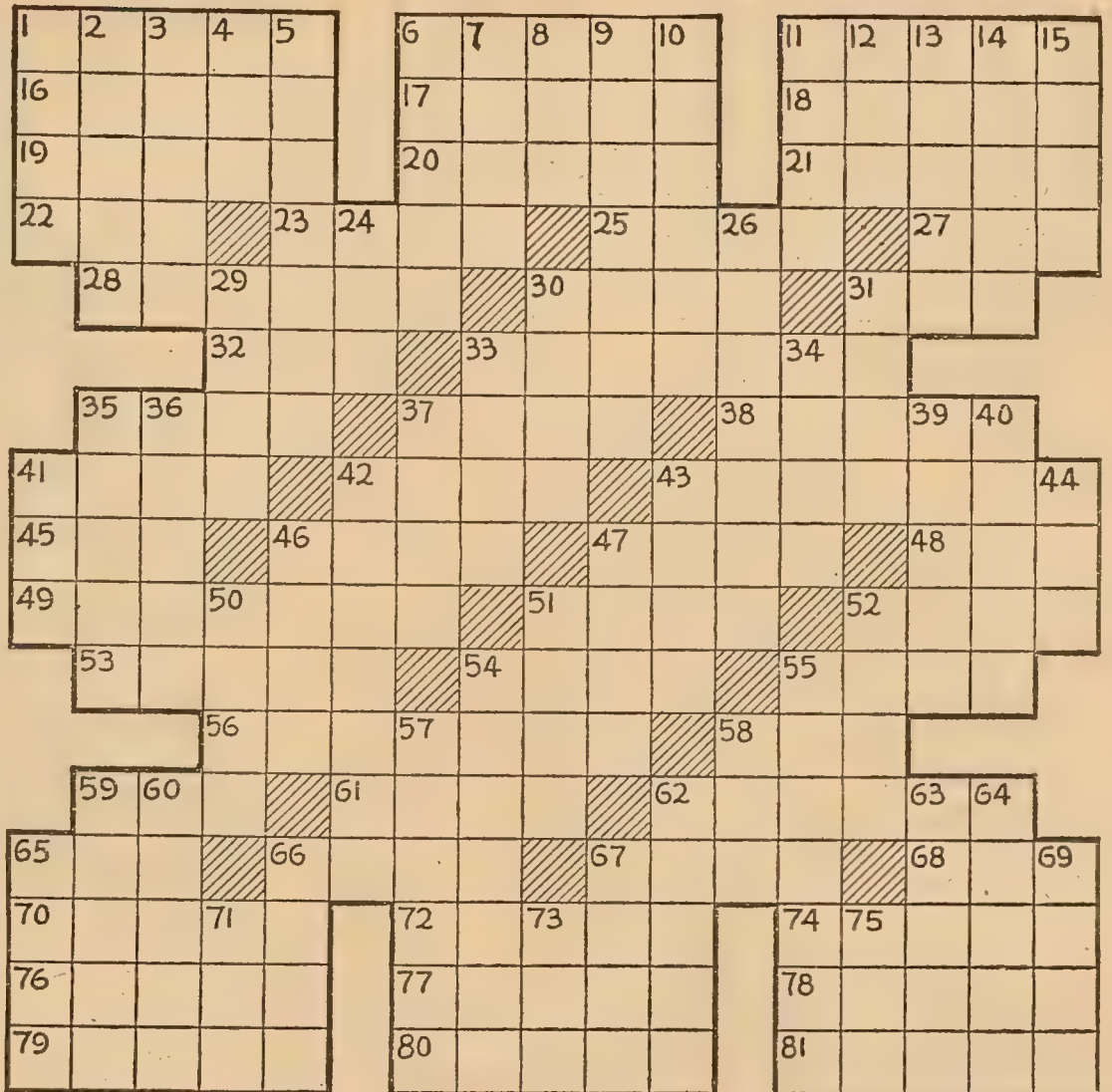
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Division of Taylor Instrument Companies
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HORIZONTAL

- 1 Noted the time of writing or executing
- 6 A gambling game
- 11 Elevate
- 16 To humble; degrade
- 17 A position in thrusting (fencing)
- 18 Ventilated
- 19 Inebriate
- 20 To resume
- 21 Dull bluish, or gray
- 22 Hail!
- 23 Image
- 25 Anger
- 27 Measure of weight
- 28 Irregular, as if eaten or worn away
- 30 A city in Russia
- 31 A fowl
- 32 Pieces used in checkers or chess
- 33 Predicament
- 35 An outbuilding
- 37 A flower
- 38 Contests
- 41 Scanty; inadequate
- 42 Narrative
- 43 Fierce; vehement
- 45 Measure of length
- 46 Seed covering
- 47 Clubs
- 48 Woman's nickname
- 49 Eased; comforted
- 51 Transfer from one place to another
- 52 A kind of wine
- 53 A division of Turkey in Asia
- 54 Part of a skeleton
- 55 Cut or shave, as a skin or rind
- 56 Moving in a circle

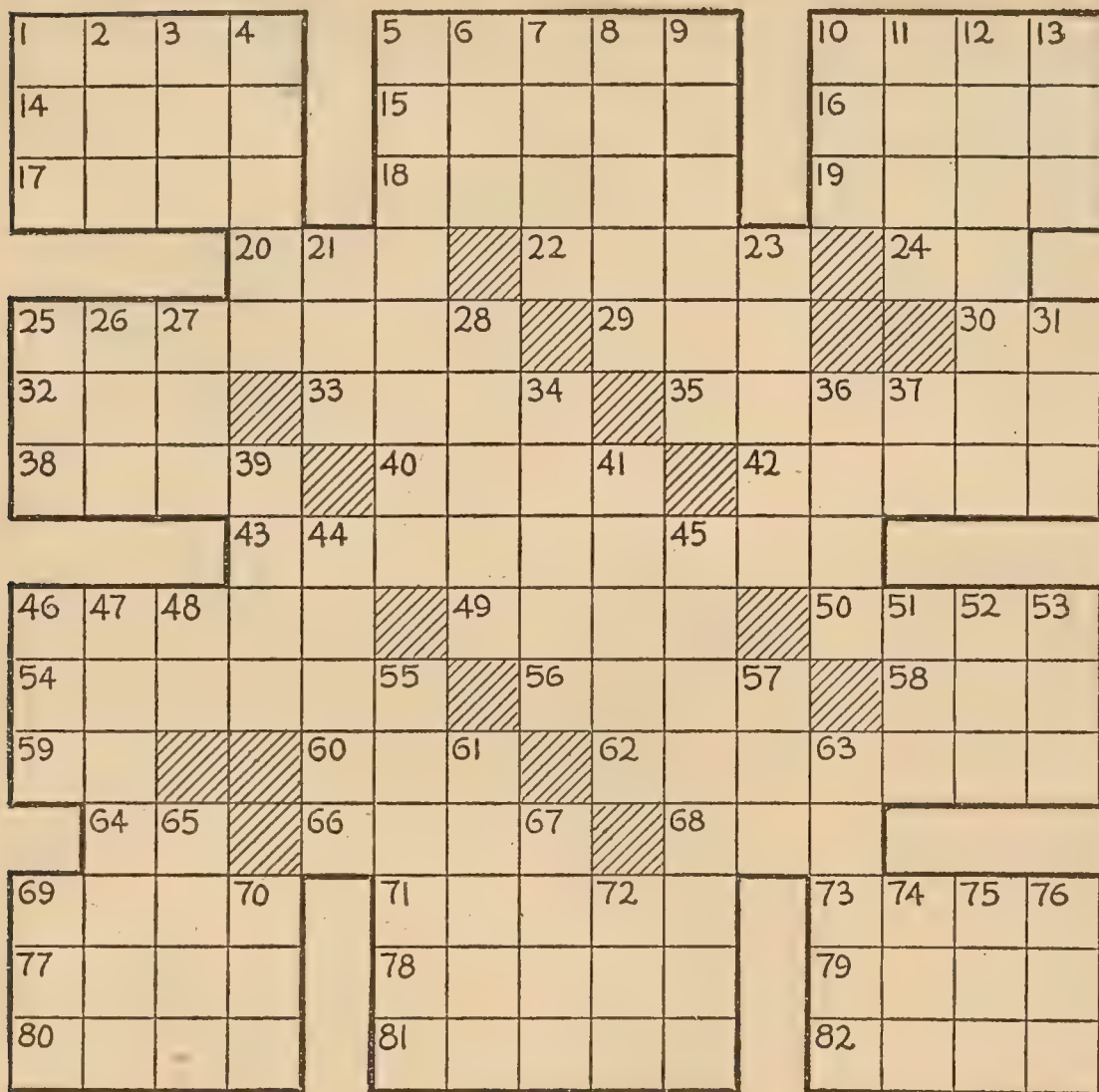
- 58 A container
- 59 The cry of a domestic animal
- 61 Grant the use of
- 62 A short light cannon
- 65 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
- 66 Meadow
- 67 Directed; commanded
- 68 To cut short
- 70 City in Florida
- 72 Fresher
- 74 Disgrace
- 76 Unsuccessful contestant
- 77 Eat away
- 78 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)
- 79 As far as
- 80 Units of force
- 81 Exhausted

VERTICAL

- 1 Facts or principles granted
- 2 Over
- 3 Grow gradually smaller toward an end
- 4 Compass point
- 5 Mocked
- 6 Young cod
- 7 Weight of eastern Asia
- 8 A vessel
- 9 Barren; unfruitful
- 10 Contents of a drain
- 11 Blot out
- 12 Suffer illness
- 13 Ill tempered
- 14 Device for inducing discharge
- 15 State of bliss
- 24 Place of low resort
- 26 Opening play in the game of chess (plural)
- 29 Hebrew measure
- 30 Ascend
- 31 Pull; drag
- 33 A toy
- 34 The cry of a domestic animal (plural)
- 35 Song by a single voice (plural)
- 36 A berry-bearing plant
- 37 Predatory incursion
- 39 Type of voice
- 40 Trap
- 41 Footlike part
- 42 Foot lever
- 43 Ornamental jar
- 44 An explosive
- 46 Sour
- 47 To shut violently
- 50 Extent of surface
- 51 Small body of water
- 52 Breathe quickly
- 54 A bookbinder's establishment
- 55 A form of paralysis
- 57 Brought forth young
- 58 A fish
- 59 A form in which pork is eaten
- 60 Stop! (nautical)
- 62 Equines
- 63 Lessen
- 64 A style of type
- 65 A balsam
- 66 Fiber obtained from peacock feathers
- 67 Titular character in a George Eliot novel
- 69 Highest in quality
- 71 Roumanian coins
- 73 Succeeded
- 75 Jump

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-ei

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A bird
- 5 Pertaining to the planet Mars
- 10 Native Rajputana state in India
- 14 Desire accompanied with expectation
- 15 To pucker
- 16 Plunder
- 17 A wild goat of the Old World
- 18 Fairies
- 19 A little, malignant spirit (plural)
- 20 Form of to be
- 22 Glut; surfeit
- 24 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
- 25 City in Kansas
- 29 And not
- 30 Over and in contact with
- 32 Winglike process
- 33 Amend and revise
- 35 To come back to life; to revive
- 38 One of the Philippine Islands
- 40 Arrow poison from an African plant
- 42 Furnished with rattan, as a chair
- 43 Quality of being distinguished by sex
- 46 Guide
- 49 Distinguished performer
- 50 One of the faces of an object
- 54 A learned Brahman
- 56 Graduated set of organ pipes

- 58 Religious recluse
- 59 Exist
- 60 Epoch
- 62 Horses
- 64 Have existence
- 66 East Indian plant
- 68 Vessel for preserving ashes of the dead
- 69 Pertaining to an era
- 71 An orang
- 73 To obtain possession; to capture
- 77 Telegraph
- 78 Languor of spirits; tedium
- 79 Free from inequality or irregularity
- 80 If the facts were different
- 81 Has the appearance of
- 82 Tear

VERTICAL

- 1 A letter of the Greek alphabet
- 2 The pin used in the game of quoits
- 3 A primate
- 4 One of the United States
- 5 Something added; an adjunct
- 6 To suffer remorse for; to regret
- 7 Deviates from the correct path
- 8 Native of one of the continents
- 9 A king of Pylus (Greek mythology)
- 10 Silkworm that feeds on the castor-oil plant

- 11 Woman of station or authority
- 12 To sanction officially; ratify
- 13 The matter or thing (law)
- 21 A deer
- 23 Upstanding
- 25 Kind of moccasin
- 26 A beverage
- 27 Jewish title of respect
- 28 A cavity
- 31 Man's nickname
- 34 Mammillæ
- 36 Poems; ballads
- 37 Into
- 39 Utilized
- 41 Puff up
- 44 American Indians
- 45 An Indian of one of the Five Nations
- 46 Mineral spring
- 47 Farmer's wagon
- 48 Printer's measure
- 51 Hostelry
- 52 Fitting
- 53 Being, in the most abstract sense
- 55 Figures of speech
- 57 Sound made by a domestic animal
- 61 Single
- 63 Bury
- 65 Part of the head (plural)
- 67 Woman's name
- 69 A sheep
- 70 Shelter
- 72 Plant exudation
- 74 Salutation
- 75 Range or faculty of perception
- 76 Termination

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Fat Comes at Forty



Fat Need Not Come

Science has found the reason why people grow fat. That reason lies largely in a defective gland. To some that trouble comes in early years, but to most people after 40.

A certain gland, which largely controls nutrition, becomes weak. Then food, which should go into fuel and energy, deposits itself in fat.

No starvation, no over-work, can rectify that condition. Both are harmful. The right remedy is to activate an under-active gland. Physicians the world over now employ it.

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"I must have made a mistake," she goes on.

In My PARLOR

A Heist Guy's Adventures in the Speakeasy Racket

(Reading time: 15 min. 50 sec.)

THE name is an alias, but the story is the true account of an all-round racketeer who conducted most of his operations in Ohio. These revelations of a crook's surroundings and attitude are vouched for by Charles P. Taft, 2nd, son of the late President and Chief Justice, who came into contact with "Roy Chadwick" when prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio. Publication of the narrative is advocated by Mr. Taft in the belief that the more society knows about crooks the better it will be able to combat them. The language is that of a racketeer in his daily life.

AS TOLD TO EUGENE SEGAL

By

ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

RUNNING a booze joint puts a hustler under a strain. I didn't know I was going to become one of the town's high-class citizens. I wasn't broke for that. Coming right out of a mob of hijackers, old heads recruited from every racket,

I'm thrown in with a lot of swell people. That's a squeeze. You can't talk to a banker like the guy who was in to stick him up the week before. And you've got to lay it on the line for clothes, too. I've always been a pretty good dresser, but those people are looking at you and you've got to wear their pants.

You ought to have seen me sometimes coming down

the street with a benny worth a C and a hat to match.

"How are you, Mr. Chadwick?" a guy says.

That's liable to be a machine-tool manufacturer who's been to my place, and right along with him is a society girl from over in the east part of town.

My special customers liked to call me Roy.

Every now and then I'd get a salute from a harness bull, but I didn't bother about being polite to that kind. I didn't owe him anything. I had my O. K. from his boss.

The first I ever thought of going into business was when I ran into the police chief of one of my towns. That was about the time I pulled out of hijacking.

"For God's sake, Roy," he says, "you look terrible. What's the matter with you?"

"Too much work," I answer. "Guess I'll have to lay off for a while."

He doesn't have to know about that lead in my chest. That would just worry him.

"Yeh you're going to lay off," he says.

"No kidding," I assure him.

"You been making a lot of trouble, Roy," he says.

"Now I guess I can get some sleep, huh?"

"Well, chief," I answer, "if that's what you're figuring it's too bad, because one of these days I'm going to run out of dough."

"Listen," he says. "I'm tired hearing about you. What do you say to me and you getting together?"

"What's on your mind?" I ask.

"I can see you're in no condition to do any rough work," he explains, "so I'll let you run a liquor joint, provided you keep an orderly place and don't raise any hell and don't stir up complaints."

"No go, chief," I answer. "You got to come again."

"You damn hog!" he yells. "What more do you want?"

"In the first place," I tell him, "if I'm running a booze parlor I might have to grab off a load once in a while and you've got to stand for it. On top of that, I don't want another joint within a mile of my place. Then you've got to tell your fuzz they're not going to make a hit with you by busting in my front door every time they pass."

"Go on, open up," the chief says, "but keep your mouth shut."

FIRST thing I've got to hunt a spot. Near the business section of every town under a hundred thousand you can find a house that the owner is holding for a big sale price but can't rent because of the location. There's your place. I found one that was owned by a guy who sold church supplies. They told me at the county seat he was behind in his taxes.

I get him to show me through the house and tell him it's O. K., not in such good condition but respectable.

"I don't know what you're asking," I say, "but I'll give you seventy-five a month."

That happened to be his tax rate. I thought the guy was going to kiss me.

"I can afford to give you more than that," I go on. "You see, friends will be dropping in and they might want a little beer. Will ninety be enough?"

He'll take ninety or lose his house in a sheriff's sale, so it's a deal.

Next I had to buy seven rooms of furniture. I knew two credit dealers who'd trust me and one of them, named Goodman, liked his liquor. He's the one I picked. I had an idea.

"For a drink stand like I know you want, Roy," Goodman says, "it must be the best."

He furnished a couple of the classiest joints in town, so I let him have his way.

"You must have a silk lamp," he goes on. "Look, exactly like I sold Tony Berry."

"No joke," I say.

"I'm telling you," he answers.

I let him sell me the lamp. The Last Days of Pompeii for the parlor wall, and everything else just like Tony Berry's. If I was as big a sucker as he thought, the outfit would have cost me a grand five hundred. As it was, I paid him five Cs down, and that was the last. You'll see what happened.

"Be sure and come around," I told Goodman when I left. "Come often as you like."

I LAID in my supply of drinks: "Canadian" beer which was just the alley brand turned out by a home-brew maker, and some near beer spiked with alki. This was to bring seventy-five cents a pint, eighteen bucks a case. I paid eight bucks for the home-brew. The booze cost me seventy a case and was to sell for a hundred and ninety by the drink or a hundred by the quart.

Later I tried hijacking my supply, but found it was better to buy a smaller amount than have a big stock on hand in case I was raided by the state or feds.

The house all duded out and plenty of drinks in the cellar, I'm ready for my opening night. My buddy, Jerry Roger, passed around the word. There's a real guy for you. He had a joint of his own but he didn't mind throwing me his trade for a night so I'd get off to a good start.

A place like mine would give Jerry the gripes. His was the back of a cigar store partitioned off by an iron wall that a raiding agent couldn't crash except with a shot of soup. It was known to thieves from coast to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



I grabbed him by the seat of the pants and lifted him out the front door.



[IN MY PARLOR
[Continued from page seventy-five]

coast. A hustler breaking into town for the first time could always find some friend of his at Jerry's.

Around midnight the boys started drifting into my joint with their molls. The girls had to look at the whole works from cellar to attic, and everything was cute.

Dotey Hobbs' girl, Fritzie Johns, who was always putting on the agony, said it reminded her of her home.

In comes Ferd Brock with Eddie Mundy's moll. That's all right with me as long as Eddie is in stir, but when he gets out Ferd will have to come around with another broad.

Ollie Beck and Rush Harper, who are on the lam, drop in, and so does Bart Fitch, a one-armed pete man who can swing a five-pound sledge and shoot as straight as anybody.

May Owens comes with Sammy Stein, bringing her accordion, which will do everything for her but talk.

I guess I had twenty-five couples inside an hour, all crowded in the downstairs rooms. None of them were allowed above. The rooms up there were for classy pairs who wanted a little privacy, and the charge was extra.

It was a howling crowd. I even had to plug up a hole in one of the back windows. The player piano was going in the parlor, and a victrola in the dining room.

AT the same time May was squeezing the accordion and drew a good audience. The other molls didn't like that, and I didn't like it either, because I wanted to hold up my end of the bargain with the chief.

After we're going for a couple of hours who comes in but little Goodman, the furniture man. I was looking for him.

"Goodman," I say, "I thought you were going to pass me up. There's a table I've been holding open for you."

He gets back by himself in a corner and stows a pint

"Boys," he yells, "I'm going to put this joint on the map!"

of booze within a half hour. He doesn't lay down any dough and I don't ask for any. I'm still playing sucker. When he leaves I have to be his crutch.

"I'm expecting you some more," I tell him.

THE house took in three and a half Cs up to about 3 A. M., when Jerry Roger busts in, drunker than a monkey.

Jerry takes one look at the place and yells:

"What the hell you running here, Roy? An ice-cream parlor or something?"

Then he wanders into the front room and starts collecting bottles off the tables, but nobody says anything because they all know Jerry when he's plastered. The place wasn't so quiet for hours.

Jerry takes his time lining up six of the bottles on a window sill. He's particular about having each bottle in just the right place. It takes him fully five minutes, he's so cockeyed.

Suddenly he pulls his rod and backs up.

"Boys," he yells, "I'm going to put this joint on the map!"

Bloowie! He blows six times and every one of the bottles smashes, which is a pretty good record for a guy who couldn't see straight.

You ought to have seen that place clean out. None of the guys wanted to meet the law just then.

Half of them were on the lam and all were heeled with rods. In five minutes Jerry was the only customer in the house. That was the end of my opening night.

Why I didn't get a jacket from the law I don't know, but the next night business went on as if nothing happened.

Key to Crook Jargon in This Story

- Beef*—Complaint, legal action.
- Boot*—A kick, a thrill.
- Fuzz*—(Police) force.
- Give the gripes to*—To disgust.
- Heavy men*—Armed guards.
- Heist*—Holdup, robbery.
- Hustlers*—Criminals, racketeers.
- To be on the lam*—wanted, hiding from the police.
- Pete man*—safe-cracker.
- Punks*—As used here, lowest in importance.
- Slough*—Halt, close up.
- Squeeze*—Embarrassing position.
- Sting*—Criminal coup.
- Wear their pants*—Dress the same, do as the Romans do.
- Working suckers*—Honest citizens.



It wasn't long before the legitimate people of town found my joint and began paying me regular visits. They knew the bad reputation of the place but that only helped trade. The hustlers were a good show for them. Working suckers get a boot out of seeing a guy who's a mentioned article in the news and if you talk to them they think they're getting more than their money's worth.

Another attraction of my place was the protection. The legitimate people are smart enough to figure that a guy who is

known to the dicks and runs a joint right out in the open must have the law on his side.

I never laid down a cent for protection. A couple of dicks propositioned me, but I just said this much:

"If I start paying, it's you and the state and the feds, and you're the punks of the bunch. Now go tell the chief I won't pay and if you don't I will."

Later they were satisfied with a nightly hand-out of sandwiches, and they got it through the back door, too.

A man's dough was really safer in my joint than in a lot of classy places. The hustlers would sit around planning their stings and I guess about half of the jobs pulled in southern Ohio that year started in my parlor. But these guys had it from me it was to be hands off of my customers. I didn't want to bring any beef down on the house.

Only one guy lost his dough as a result of a visit to my joint and he was that same Tony Berry. I didn't get any of it. As far as I was concerned, the heist was just a lesson for him.

TONY ran a fancy booze house out in the country. Instead of tending to business he liked to bring his moll to other joints and make you feel bad.

"Look," he'd say to her. "The Last Days of Pompeii. He thinks it's the same thing I got. It's only a cheap imitation."

Everything was a cheap imitation.

When he paid for his drinks, he'd pull out a heavy roll to make you think your joint was taking in nothing alongside his.

You never had a private conversation that he didn't stick his nose in with a crack like "Nice boys you got around here, Chadwick."

I decide a pest like him has to be cured. So the next time he comes out with a couple of half-C notes and five or six Cs, I give two of the boys the office and they beat it to wait in their car. Then I slough the joint.

"No more whisky or beer," I say. "We're out."

"A hell of a place this is," Berry cracks.

"Come again, Tony," I say.

He gets a couple of miles out in the country, where he and his moll are heisted, and he must have known why because he never showed in my joint again.

During business hours I just played dude around the house, being sociable and keeping order. Every now and then some mob guy would sock his girl alongside the face but that didn't call for any action. The rule was hands off. It was understood she must have had it coming to her or she wouldn't have gotten it. One guy had to kick his broad down the front steps because she hit back, but in most cases the battle ended with another drink. The drink was on me and then I'd have to go around and smooth things with the legitimate people who were getting the biggest kind of a boot out of the fight.

The only customer I strong-armed was Goodman, the furniture dealer. He kept coming back, sopping up a half to a pint of booze each visit and never paying. I was willing to ride along as the sucker just so far, but I made up my mind if my idea didn't work out soon I'd have to do something. And then it happened. One night Goodman says to me:

"Roy, don't you think you should begin to pay a little on the thousand dollars you still owe?"

"What do you mean owe?" I ask.

"The furniture," Goodman answers.

"Goodman," I say, "you're drunk again or you'd know we're even. You drank up your bill long ago."

GOODMAN got mad. If he'd stuck to business and said he would come and get the furniture I couldn't have done anything. But he yells he's going to report my joint to the police. That's when I grabbed him by the seat of the pants and lifted him out the front door.

Next thing I hear, the chief is on the line.

"Goodman is here and hollering he's killed," the chief says. "What did you do to him?"

I explain.

"Well, remember I raided you," he says. "And go easy for a while."

For a few weeks after that I had the beer and booze delivered by the back-alley way instead of through the front door.

In the year I had my joint I must have cleared about twenty grand. At the same time there were at least six other booze places in town owned by thieves and all doing good business. They usually were side lines that took care of the hustlers when other rackets went bad. They were run by molls.

My joint had the biggest trade of all among the legitimate people, for the reason probably I showed them I could keep my mouth shut.

There was the case of the big real-estate dealer who came in one night with a married girl from the classy

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

PRINCE of WALES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



There's Only One
Prince of Wales!

\$1

Smooth or Ruff

**WHAT WELL
DRESSED MEN
ARE SMOKING**

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc. Est. 1851. 120 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

[IN MY PARLOR
Continued from page seventy-seven]

set. He was married himself. She was a darb and all the boys in the front room nearly fell out of their chairs when she marched through. Honest, it was enough to tie a guy in knots watching those pete men, bank thieves, and hijackers trying to make a society girl. All of them thought they went over big. She was new to the place and imagined she had to smile back at everybody.

The real-estate man whispers that they want a room upstairs. All the boys ask for the job of carrying the drinks up to them. I do that myself. Then they beg me to put notes under her bottle.

The couple isn't upstairs ten minutes before one sore woman busts into the house.

"Young man," she says to me, "my husband is here. Tell him I want to see him."

"Maybe he is," I stall. "What's his name?"

"You know him," she comes back.

"Are any of the gentlemen in there your husband?" I ask, pointing to the crowd of hustlers in the next room.

"I'm not here to argue with you," she says, getting wild-eyed. "You're to bring him here this minute."

"Madam," I answer, "I don't like to start any family rows on my premises but if you tell me where he is I'll go out and find him for you."

Now she's puffing.

"Do you want me to call the police?" she threatens.

"I don't think you want to either," I hand her. "You seem to be a respectable woman who's not fixing to get herself before the public in a mess like this. So you're going to call the police?"

That holds her.

"You want to help me, don't you?" she asks.

"Yes, ma'am," I agree. "All I can do is let you search the house. Maybe you'd like to start with the upstairs first. That's my flat and it's pretty mussed up, but to satisfy yourself you'd better take a look."

She gets red and now I know I'm out of the squeeze.

"I wouldn't want to do that," she says.

Then she gives the crowd a quick once-over.

"I must have made a mistake," she goes on. "I can only say I'm sorry."

With that she makes it out, quicker than she came in.

BUT that damned-fool husband of hers is the kind who does wrong and then confesses. A few days later he told me he spilled the whole works to her.

I thought that was the end of the matter until a week or so later I'm standing on the front steps and here comes the wife. She flies right on into the house saying:

"Come in a second, will you?"

She's not going to get the jump on me this time.

"I'm here alone," I start. "How would it look, say, if my girl happened along and saw me with a pretty woman like you?"

What could I make of this: she laughs and holds out her hand?

"You've forgiven me for the other night, haven't you?" she asks.

"Sure," I answer; "that's all out."

"Good," she says and walks to the door. "The only reason I came is to thank you for that lie you told for my husband."

Then she beats it. That last crack had me guessing for a few days. But it all came out. One night she returned. She was with a man and he wasn't her husband. They took an upstairs room.

I sloughed my joint for good after that wound in my chest eased and I felt well enough to get back into other rackets. I needed some action. My regret is I didn't close sooner, as it might have saved Jerry Roger's life. After he was gone, I somehow didn't get the kick out of a job I used to. The law rested easier when he was bumped. But during my fifteen years in hustling he was the only guy I teamed with who I could be sure, when I went to bed, would still be my friend when I got up. He was one square thief.

JERRY came to my joint one night with a proposition for our mutual benefit.

"Roy," he said, "I'm in with a lot of no-good eggs. They're going to get me in trouble."

"Better say good-bye to them and line yourself up a new mob," I told him.

"That's what I'm going to do," he answered. "But I got a sting coming off in a few days and until then I got to ride along with them."

He explained there's a big gambler who is quoted to carry away a heavy roll from his joint Saturday nights. He's supposed to be having a rush on the house and ought to come for about fifteen grand the end of the present week.

"He rides with plenty of heavy men and I need one more guy for the mob," Jerry went on.

I suggested a name.

"What I need is someone to help me hold up my end," Jerry answered. "I can't trust any of the other guys. Come on and put in with me."

"Jerry," I said, "I'm not ready to give up this joint yet and I guaranteed the chief that as long as I'm here I'd lay off work."

Jerry could understand a proposition like that. He told me I was a damned fool, but that I was right anyway and if I didn't give up the joint soon he'd wreck it himself.

When he went out, it was the last time I saw him alive. The next week they found his body in the street. Some time I'll tell you how he was double-crossed.

The true story of some of the Heist Guy's further adventures will appear in an early issue.



After that I had the beer and booze delivered by the back-alley way.

Here Are the Mistakes on Page 38

One of the children on the bench wears one dark and one light sock. The string is missing from the same child's balloon.

Only part of hair ribbon is shown on the child who is pushing the doll carriage.

Part of the design is missing from the dress of the same child.

Her shoes are fastened on the inside. No connection between the wheels and the body of the doll carriage.

The children's nurse has but one leg.

The nose piece of the nurse's spectacles is inverted.

The lower part of the nurse's apron is not shown.

Her book carries a title on the back cover, but none on the front.

Only two wheels are shown on the boy's velocipede.

One of the sleeves of his suit is scalloped; the other is plain.

DATED	STUSS	RAISE
ABASE	CARTE	AIRED
TOPER	RENEW	SLATE
AVE	IDOL	RAGE
ERODED	RIGAHEN	TON
MEN	DILEMNA	
SHED	ROSE	BOUTS
POOR	TALE	VIOLENT
ELL	ARIL	BATS
SOLACED	PASS	PORT
SYRIA	BONE	PARE
EDDYING	CAN	
BAA	LEND	MORTAR
TAV	MEAD	BADE
OCALA	NEWER	SHAME
LOSER	ERODE	IOTAS
UNTIL	DYNES	SPENT

Answer to the puzzle on page 72

CHAT	AREAN	EDAR
HOPE	PURSE	RAPE
IBEX	PERIS	IMPS
ARE	SATE	ER
PARSONS	NOR	ON
ALA	EDIT	RELIVE
CEBU	INEE	CANED
SEXUALITY		
STEER	STAR	SIDE
PUNDIT	STOP	NUN
AM	ERA	EQUINES
BE	SOLA	URN
ERAL	PONGO	TAKE
WIRE	ENNUI	EVEN
ELSE	SEEMS	REND

Answer to the puzzle on page 73

Waterman's announce an aristocratic pair of pens

The Patrician and

The Lady Patricia

After making the finest pen possible for men—the Patrician—Waterman's decided that this called for the finest of sister pens—and so the Lady Patricia was designed . . . the first pen ever created expressly for women. Lady Patricia embodies everything that a woman wants in a pen . . . it is smaller, charming looking, colorful as the fashions she wears; and may be had with just the pen point she likes.

Lady Patricia . . . a slender, smaller, graceful size, keyed to a woman's grasp. Instead of the masculine clip, there's a lovely carved clasp—which holds Lady Patricia in your handbag where you can locate it in an instant. Three beautiful colors, Onyx as shown, Persian and Jet—the pen, boxed, is only \$5.00, pencil to match for \$3.00.

The Patrician . . . aristocrat of Waterman's men's pens, is crafted like a fine car—colored like a fine jewel. A choice of seven pen points promises writing ease to every hand. In Onyx, Nacre, Turquoise, Emerald, or Jet, the pen is, boxed, \$10.00. Pencil to match, \$5.00.

Desk Set . . . An exquisite gift with pen and base matching perfectly—the base of French Onyx is echoed by the beautiful cream-and-tawny tones of the pen—complete, \$8.50.

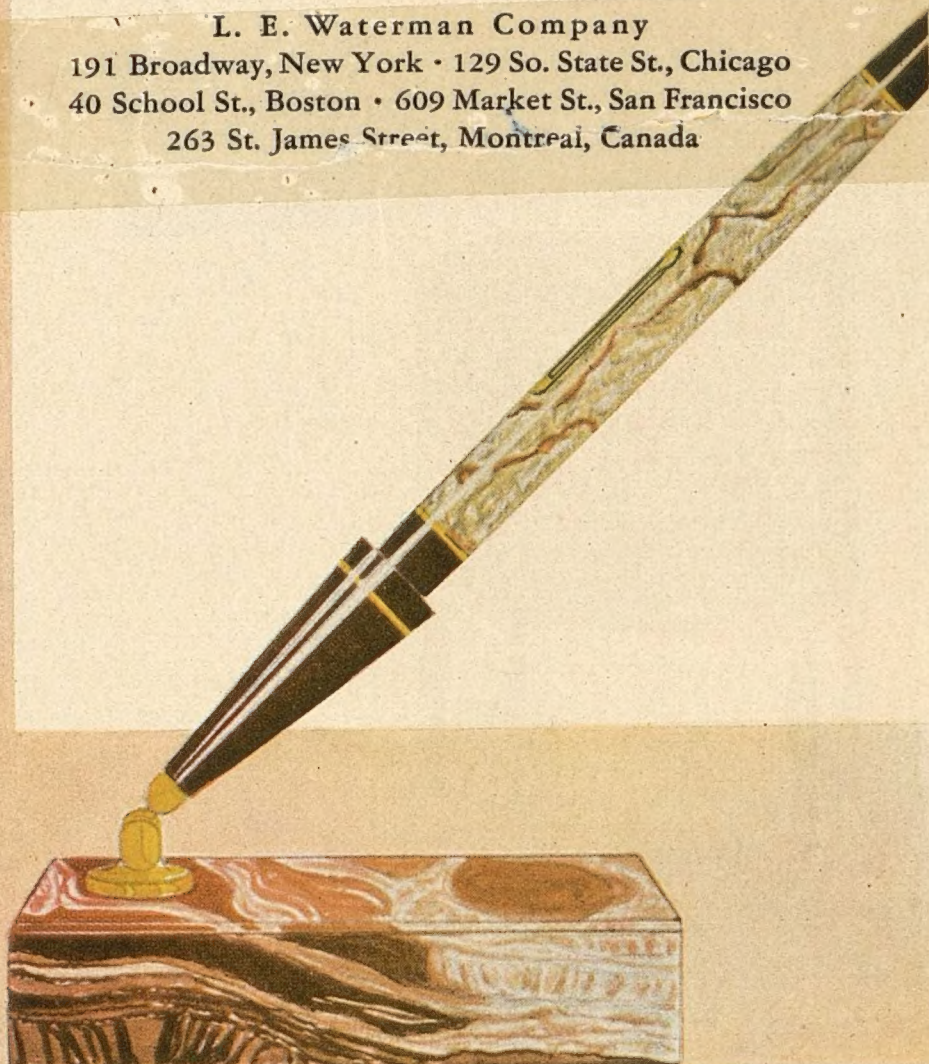
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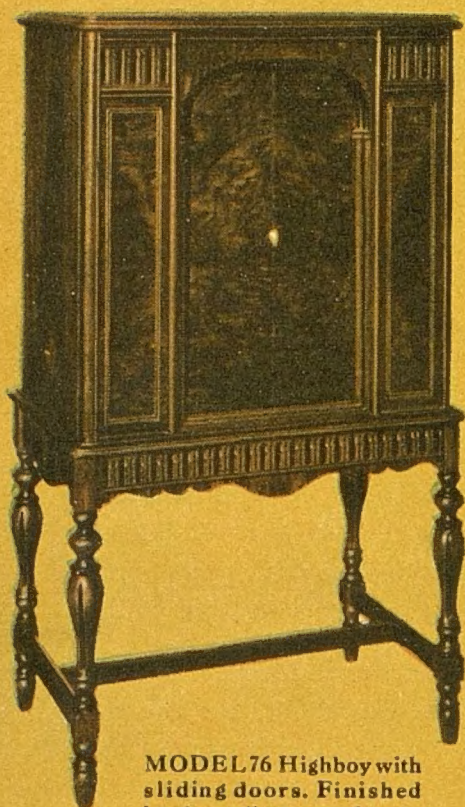
The
Patrician



ATWATER KENT

RADIO

with the GOLDEN VOICE



MODEL 76 Highboy with sliding doors. Finished in American walnut. Matched butt walnut doors and front panels.



*New Quick-Vision Dial—
all the stations right in front of
you. Easy to read as a clock, from any
position. An exclusive Atwater
Kent feature.*

HERE THEY ARE the new 1931 MODELS

*Each with the Golden Voice
New Tone Control
New Quick-Vision Dial*

SEE every station right before your eyes with this new Quick-Vision Dial. Tune in the one you want *instantly*—clearly, sharply—whether local or far away.

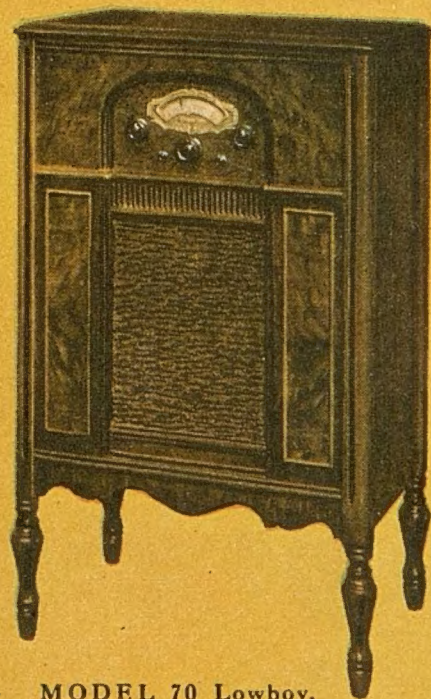
Then hear this new glory of tone—the Golden Voice. Bring out bass or treble at will—make the most of every program—with the new, perfected Atwater Kent Tone Control. Four definite shadings of the Golden Voice.

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MODEL 75 Radio-Phonograph Combination. Finished in American walnut. Matched butt walnut front panels and apron. Top piano-hinged and with automatic support. Ample and accessible record compartment.